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THE SURRENDER OF FORT DONELSON, FEBRUARY 16, 1862.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

WE illustrate on the preceding page a thrilling scene in the attack upon Fort Donelson, which took place on 14th, 15th, and 16th ult., the fort surrendering to General Grant on the morning of 16th. The victory was complete, resulting, as it did, in the capture of 15,000 rebel troops, an immense amount of war material, and the persons of Generals A. S. Johnston and Buckner. General Floyd sneaked off with his brigade of five thousand men on Saturday night. A special dispatch from Fort Donelson says:

The forces were about equal in numbers, but the rebels had all the advantage of position, being well fortified on two immense hills, with their fort near the river on a lower piece of ground. From the foot of their intrenchments rifle pits and abattis extended up the river behind the town of Dover. Their fortifications on the side back from the river were at least four miles in length. The water battery, in the centre of the fortifications, where it came down to the river, mounted nine heavy guns.

The rebels were sure of success. In any other cause, and against less brave troops, they could easily have held the position against a hundred thousand men.

At daylight Saturday the enemy opened on the Eighteenth Illinois, when Colonel Oglesby's brigade was soon engaged, and was soon followed by Wallace's and M'Arthur's brigades, the latter acting under General M'Clernand, as the position of the troops had been changed during the night, and General Grant had been called away during the night to the gun-boats. The movements of all the troops except those attached to General M'Clernand's division were made without any thing except general orders. At a suggestion from General M'Clernand, General Wallace sent up four regiments to support his division, who were nearly out of ammunition.

From the commencement till near ten o'clock the fighting was terrific. The troops on the right were disposed as follows: M'Arthur's brigade, composed of the Ninth, Twelfth, Forty-first, Seventeenth, and Nineteenth Illinois regiments; next, General Oglesby's brigade, consisting of the Eighth, Thirteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Illinois regiments; Schwartz's and Dresser's batteries; next was General Wallace's brigade of the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-eighth Illinois regiments. These three brigades composed General M'Clernand's division, and bore the brunt of the battle.

It was found that the enemy was concentrating his main force to turn our right, which was done by our men getting out of ammunition, and in the confusion of getting up reinforcements retreating about half a mile. As soon as the division, which had stood its ground manfully for three hours, retired, the enemy occupied the field, when General Grant ordered General Smith to move forward his division and storm the enemy's works on our left.

This order was obeyed with great alacrity, and soon the cheers of our daring soldiery were heard, and the old flag displayed from within the enemy's intrenchments.

General Grant then sent word to General M'Clernand and General Wallace that General Smith was within the enemy's intrenchments, ordering their forces to move forward and renew the attack on the right. One of General Wallace's brigades—the Eleventh Indiana, Eighth Missouri, and some Ohio regiments—were rapidly thrown into position, and company A, of the Chicago Light Artillery, was planted in the road, and as the rebels, supposing we were in retreat, came yelling out of their works into the road, the Chicago boys poured a hail-storm of grape and canister into their ranks, slaughtering dozens of them.

Simultaneously with this the infantry commenced firing at will, and the rebels went pell-mell back into their works, our men advancing and taking possession of the ground lost, and a hill besides. Fresh troops, who had not been in the action, were then thrown forward, and as the shades of night drew on were in a strong position to participate in a simultaneous attack to be made on Sunday morning.

Some of our best officers and men have gone to their long home. Hardly a man that went over the field after the battle but discovered some comrade who had fallen. We lost three lieutenant-colonels, and at least one-quarter of all the other officers were wounded or killed.

During Saturday night a contraction of all our lines was made for a simultaneous assault from every point, and orders were given by General Grant to take the enemy at the point of the bayonet. Every man was at his post, the Fifty-seventh Illinois on the extreme right.

At daylight the advance was made, and when the full light of day broke forth white flags were hung in many places on the enemy's works.

An officer at a convenient point was informed that they had stacked their arms and surrendered early in the morning.

The following correspondence passed between the commanders:

GENERAL BUCKNER TO GENERAL GRANT.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT DONELSON, *February* 16, 1862.

SIR,—In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to argue upon terms of capitulation of the forces at this post under my command; in that view I suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock to-day.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General, C.S.A.

To Brigadier-General U. S. Grant, commanding United States forces near Fort Donelson.

GENERAL GRANT'S REPLY TO GENERAL BUCKNER.

HEAD-QUARTERS ON THE FIELD,
FORT DONELSON, *February* 16, 1862.

To General S. B. Buckner:

SIR,—Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and the appointment of commissioners to settle on the terms of capitulation, is just received.

No terms, except unconditional and immediate surrender, can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately on your works.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

GENERAL BUCKNER ACCEPTS THE TERMS AND SURRENDERS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DOVER, TENNESSEE, *February* 16, 1862.

Brigadier-General U. S. Grant, U. S. A.:

SIR,—The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose. I am, Sir, your servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General C. S. A.

Our force was soon in the enemy's camp, when the rebel officers gave up their swords.

Immediately on the receipt of the news of the capture of Fort Donelson by the Secretary of War, he sent the name of General Grant to the President for promotion to a Major-Generalship.

OUR ARMY IN KENTUCKY.

ON page 141 we give a couple of illustrations of the progress of the war in Kentucky. One of them, from the pencil of our artist, Mr. H. Mosler, represents GENERAL MITCHELL'S DIVISION CROSSING GREEN RIVER ON 10TH OCTOBER. The strategic movements of General Buell had already rendered the rebel stronghold at Bowling Green untenable, and General Mitchell has by this time occupied it. General Mitchell is the well-known astronomer; a soldier by education, his heart and soul are in the war, and he will do his duty.

Our other illustration represents the CAMP OF THE FOURTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT ON THE CUMBERLAND, lately occupied by the 17th Tennessee under the late General Zollicoffer. Mr. Oscar D. Kress, who sends us the sketch, writes: "I send you a sketch of a portion of Zollicoffer's camp, recently occupied by the 17th Tennessee Regiment (rebel), now held by the 4th Kentucky (Union), commanded by Colonel Speed S. Fry, who killed Zollicoffer at the recent battle. We took possession of this camp on the 20th, the day after the battle, the rebels flying during the night, leaving every thing behind them."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE capture of Fort Donelson, with 15,000 men, including both the Generals Buckner and Bushrod Johnston, is probably the culminating point in the struggle between the United States Government and the malcontents. At the hour we write General Buell, with 80,000 men, is pressing upon the Cumberland River; while General Grant, with 50,000, and Flag-officer Foote, with his gun-boat and mortar fleet, are ascending the same stream from the bend at Dover. Rumor states that the remnant of the garrison of Fort Donelson, with part of the Bowling Green army, have taken refuge at Clarksville, and seem disposed to make a stand there. If they do, they will inevitably share the fate of the army which has just surrendered. The events of the past week have rendered us indisputable masters of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, of Nashville and all Northern Tennessee, and of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Wherever we meet the enemy we shall be three to one, and by far superior to them in equipments, commissariat, clothing, transportation, and arms.

The fate of Columbus, Memphis, and consequently New Orleans, is now sealed. It is hardly probable that the right reverend rebel Leonidas Polk will wait to be caught in the trap he has built for himself at Columbus. If he does, we shall by-and-by take him and all his force without firing a gun. If he evacuates his present post, the rebels themselves admit that they can not defend any other point on the Mississippi. One Union army of enormous strength will advance on Memphis from Nashville, while another Union army under Halleck's generals will drive Price before them through Arkansas, and both will meet on the Mississippi in time to co-operate with Flag-officer Foote's gun-boat and mortar-fleet. Unless some unforeseen accident occurs the whole Mississippi will be ours, from the Gulf to Cairo, by 15th March.

Meanwhile, Burnside is cutting off the retreat of the Virginia army through North Carolina, and making ready to take Norfolk. When he was at the mouth of the Roanoke the people of Weldon fled from their houses. Norfolk should be in our possession as soon as Memphis.

Simultaneously, Dupont and Sherman are moving against Savannah, and Commodore Porter's fleet is on the way to Mobile and New Orleans.

Against such a combination of forces working together on such a plan, how long can the rebellion last?

ABOLITION AND FREE TRADE.

THE latest foreign *canard* about this country is to the effect that the Confederate envoys have offered to purchase the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by granting to Europe absolute free trade for fifty years, and by decreeing the emancipation of every negro born at the South after the recognition. British journals gravely discuss the proposal, and many of them declare that it should be accepted. Some of our more malignant foes expatiate upon the liberality of the proposed scheme of emancipation, and pronounce the rebels in advance of the Government of the United States on the subject of slavery.

We hazard nothing, however, in asserting that no such proposal has been or will be made. No Southern man at the present day believes that emancipation is desirable or possible at any future time. Every leader of the rebellion has placed himself on record in favor of the perpetual slavery of the negro race, as their natural and normal condition, and as the only condition upon which the white race can live side by side with the black. In the emphatic language of Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens, the revolution of 1776 established the right and the capacity of white men to govern themselves; the revolution of 1861 is to establish, for all future time, the inequality of the white and black races, and the inalienable right of the former to the service of the latter. Slavery is, in a word, the cause, end, and aim of the present rebellion. It was begun to prevent the restriction of slavery within its present limits. It is carried on to secure, protect, and extend slavery. If it had been successful, it would have consolidated slavery and postponed emancipation for many generations. To believe that any Southern envoys have proposed to surrender slavery for any consideration whatever is to suppose them guilty of unnecessarily giving up the only thing they are fighting for, and yielding gratuitously the whole point at issue.

Thirty years ago there were consistent and conscientious emancipationists at the South. Charles J. Faulkner, of Virginia, the rebel leader, was one of them. But in those days cotton was an insignificant article of produce, and male adult negroes were not worth over $300 in Virginia. Slaveholding was unprofitable. Since then the extension of cotton culture, and a foreign demand for slave produce, which has risen to the enormous figure of $225,000,000 per annum, have completely crushed out the old sentiment of good Southern men on the subject of slavery. Commerce has commanded the aid of religion and morals, and it is now deemed both impious and disreputable in good Southern society to question the propriety of slaveholding. If the culture of cotton were abandoned, or its consumption checked, the old sentiments of Washington and Jefferson would revive at the South, and schemes of emancipation would be mooted. But so long as cotton is the staple product of the South, and the world is clothed with it, no Southern man of any mark will venture to contemplate the abolition of slavery, and Southern clergymen and statesmen will expend their best efforts in bolstering up the institution with texts from the Bible and moral apophthegms. The Southern envoys are much more likely to propose to Europe to establish a monarchical Government over their Confederacy, with a European Prince at its head, than to admit the possibility of extinguishing slavery at any future period.

That Messrs. Yancey, Rost, Mann, Mason, and Slidell may have talked about free trade is quite likely. But, after all, what have they to offer in this connection? When the Constitution of the United States was formed it was supposed that the public revenue would be derived from direct taxation, and the slaveholders were allowed votes for three-fifths of their slaves, on condition of paying taxes in proportion. In the course of a few years it was discovered that a well-contrived tariff of duties on foreign imports would, with the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, provide revenue enough; and the idea of direct taxation was abandoned—not to be revived till now. The Government under which the Southern States have prospered so wonderfully during the past sixty years has been almost entirely supported by duties on imports levied at three Northern ports—New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The South may be said never to have paid any taxes at all.

If, as an independent power, the rebels propose to dispense with customs duties on imports, how are they to raise revenue? They have already tried one plan—an export duty on cotton. Foreigners will tell them that this is worse than the Morrill Tariff. It is literally making foreigners support their government. As to direct taxes, they have never paid any yet, and when a direct tax on slaves was hinted at in the South Carolina Convention, the member who made the suggestion was silenced on the spot. In Alabama, about a year ago, a war tax was imposed by the Legislature, but it was found impossible to collect it. It would seem that foreigners, before committing themselves to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, would require some guarantee that its citizens would pay direct taxes to support their Government. Without such a guarantee, a promise to admit foreign goods free of duty for fifty or any other term of years would be likely to be more honored in the breach than the observance. What guarantee could the rebels offer?

We have never believed that foreigners would interfere in our contest if we performed our part with vigor and determination. The British aristocracy would like to see this country divided and ruined, because we are a rival to England, and because the ruin of this republic would delay the progress of democracy in England for many years. The class of people who are represented by the London *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the London *Herald* were evidently disappointed at the pacific solution of the Mason-Slidell affair. But there is a limit to the capacity of these malignant enemies of the Union; and so long as France continues to be guided by the grand principles of right and honor which have always marked her foreign policy, that limit lies this side of war. It is not in the power of the Southern envoys to offer any temptation to Europe which can overcome the principles of France, or the fears and the necessities of England.

THE LOUNGER.

WHERE IS BURNSIDE?

ONE of the stories of the dark day at Bull Run is, that when M'Dowell came in sight of the enemy's batteries, and saw that bloody work was at hand, he rose in his saddle inquiringly and asked earnestly, "Where is Burnside?" as if instinctively turning toward the man whom he knew to be a skilled soldier.

That day Burnside, with the Rhode Island line, the New York 71st, and the other troops of his command, gave brave account of themselves. The months pass, and the whole country, not a single General, asks earnestly "Where is Burnside?" And from the roar of appalling wintry surges, from the thick smoke of sharp battle, from the heart of the enemy's country and the rear of his position, comes the quiet voice of the leader, "Here, where I meant to be!"

The men he leads are men in earnest. They went to fight and to conquer. They knew that the terrible chance of battle was for every one of them. But they knew also that they were but the van-guard; that all were soldiers in this war whether they had marched or were only waiting—that victory must be snatched from all odds and from discomfiture itself—and the knowledge cleared the eyes that were fixed upon success, and strengthened the hands that have hewn out the great victory of Roanoke.

And now if you ask again "Where is Burnside?" the answer rings from the lips of millions of grateful countrymen, "Fast in our hearts forever!"

FOOTE-ING UP THE REBEL ACCOUNT.

BUT while the South wind brings us the welcome music from Virginia, the West wind is not less eloquent. The gallant capture of Fort Henry by Foote's brave little boats that "moved to within six hundred yards of the batteries"—the blaze of victory that paled the stern resistance—the pressing forward of Phelps and his men up the Tennessee into Alabama—the welcome of the old flag along the shore, as if summer had come again: the summer of hope and security into those hearts winter-bound with doubt—the enlistments of men—the offers of more—all this is glad tidings. That gun-boat *Canestoga* pushing into the heart of the rebel section seems like a firm ray of dawn piercing the night.

Before these words are read there must be news from Fort Donelson; from Price, perhaps, and from how many more! If there shall be a great battle at Bowling Green, or at any point, and the Western rebel army be signally defeated, the Confederates can hardly help feeling the shock to the very heart of their treason. They must begin to withdraw from Manassas—for why should they then remain? Richmond will be directly threatened. The defeat in the West will clear the rebels from the border States; the movements upon the sea-board will clear Virginia; the active rebellion will be shut up in the Gulf States, and the interfering hand of Europe will be stayed. Then Victory must be organized. Then we shall have to look practically at the question, How can peace be made permanent?

Meanwhile the nation is beginning to feel its strength, as it has long known its purpose. Conscious strength is itself an inspiration. The army of the nation will be more invincible after every victory. It is alive and glowing along the whole line. Pamlico Sound replies to the Tennessee:

"And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud!"

—Thus much was written before this Tuesday the 18th of February—when the glad tidings came pouring in from the West. Let it stand. While the busy fingers of the printers were picking up the type which were to tell of our hopes and anticipations, the telegraph was clicking off the news that they had been more than realized: In Kentucky, Bowling Green abandoned; in Missouri, Price in full retreat, with our forces in hot pursuit; in Tennessee, Fort Donelson surrendered. What a dispatch might not Grant have sent to Washington: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Four Generals, a score of Colonels, Majors and Captains by the hundred, fifteen thousand men prisoners!" And now, as we write, we hear the shouts of the newsboys announcing the capture of Savannah. We close the paragraph not knowing whether the report is true, but our readers will know before these words meet their eyes.

NATIONAL MORALITY.

THE reports of and about the results of the labor of the Investigating Committee in Congress, and the speeches of Mr. Dawes and Mr. Van Wyck, will hardly fail to show the most sanguine man that our patriotism has not entirely purged the nation of the deepest selfishness and the most threatening corruption. Party hacks, whether orators or newspapers, will of course turn the facts to party account. They will endeavor to make it appear that the corruption in the management of contracts belongs peculiarly to the administration of the party that is in power. And the endeavor will be partially successful when it is shown that all those who have profited by the corruption belong to that party—but not before.

These revelations do not indicate a partisan but a national evil. The difficulty did not begin with the war, but the war made it conspicuous by so greatly increasing opportunity. The close observer of our national life for the last twenty years must have asked himself constantly the question whether our mental and moral education kept counteracting pace with the inevitable demoralization of great prosperity. A commercial nation is always in danger of losing its liberties, because it is willing to sell them for peace and high profits. Virtue is in the old story and in universal experience the companion of poverty; and the saints come out of the cottages, not the palaces.

The most dangerous symptom in our condition now, as for many years past, is the want of a high moral tone. For the moment a nation which is ruled by its own will loses faith in principles it is precisely in the condition of a man who does the same thing. The Rule of Three and the law of gravity are whimsical compared with the spiritual laws. Consequently, whenever that nation, whether from ignorance of their value arising from long familiarity, or from that sodden spiritual stupidity which springs from incessant devotion to personal advantage, actually disbelieves in the fundamental laws; and, for the ostensible reason that men and parties are equally knavish, but from the real reason that they exclusively regard their immediate individual interest, connives at injustice in the laws and at moral sophistication, that nation is as certainly ruined as a liar and a swindler who is at the same time a coward.

In the present case we have, of course, the right to set against the revelations of reports in individual cases the spectacle of the generous and general rising of the people. Moreover, we may justly add to that the universal public conviction that the chief officers of state are eminently men of pure hands. That knaves should swarm upon the chance of contracts is not surprising. The only sadness is that the old suspicion of a very wide demoralization should be revived by the apparent implication of men hitherto beyond a whisper of suspicion. For there is no man and no nation so 'cute that they can be saved without faith.

A QUEER MISTAKE.

A RESOLUTION was lately introduced into our Legislature to invite a clergyman to address the Assembly upon the Great Rebellion. A worthy member objected, saying that he would very gladly listen to a clergyman upon the subject of Christ's Sermon on the Mount; but when clergymen interfered in politics they transcended their duty—or as the report has it, "when they came out of the pulpit to preach politics to the Assembly, they unduly interfered with the members in the discharge of their constitutional duties!"

This is in the reports of the Assembly and not in Rabelais.

But when were the clergymen disfranchised? When did they cease to be American citizens? When did they lose the right to speak upon public affairs which every American, of whatever profession, justly prizes as so characteristic a right of our system?

It was Mr. Stetson who is reported to have made this extraordinary objection. He did not urge that the Assembly had not time—that if it listened to one member's friend it could hardly courteously refuse another's—that the clergyman and his friends could appoint a time and place for his address and invite the members who wished to hear it to come, all of which were obvious remarks upon such a proposition. But he took the ground that the Assembly ought not to invite one of their fellow-citizens to address them upon the state of the country, because his address would be an interference with the discharge of their constitutional duties, and for the reason that he was a clergyman!

But suppose he had been a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, or a shoemaker, or a manufacturer, or a leather dealer, or a salt dealer, or a farmer, or a blacksmith, would his address have been equally impertinent? And if not, why not. Has an American citizen any more interest in the welfare of the country because he is a horse-jockey or a lawyer than he would have if he were a clergyman? And if a clergyman, although a citizen and as much interested in the nation as anybody ought to stick to his profession, so ought every other citizen, no more and no less And if so, what is Mr. Stetson doing in the Assembly

That gentleman's profession is not announced. But if he be a lawyer, why does he not stay in court or his office, and talk of the statutes at large or the Pandects of Justinian? If he be a shoemaker, why does he not stick to his last? If a farmer, to his plow? If a carpenter, to his plane? If a merchant, to his ledger? If a mason, to his trowel? If a doctor, to his pills? Because a clergyman preaches sermons and takes the charge of a parish is he to shut his eyes and mouth upon the National welfare, in [illegible]ing his own and that of each of his parishioners?"

Mr. Stetson has made a ludicrous, but a not infrequent mistake. He is selected by his fellow-citizens of all professions, and leaves his own special business to fulfill a duty which is just as incumbent upon every clergyman as it is upon every lawyer or mechanic—the duty of practical interest in public affairs. If he and his associates think they can be assisted by the thoughts of any citizen, whatever his calling, they can not do wrong to hear him. His speech would be no interference, it would be an assistance If the citizen be foolish or dull, that is enough, don't ask him. But to say that the Assembly ought not to hear him because he is a clergyman, is to declare that you have yourself no business to be speaking to them, for you must have some profession, and every man in every other profession is your exact political peer.

MAKING CITIZENS SOLDIERS.

LITTLE Rhode Island was the first State to offer, through her Governor, her aid to the Government last April. She has sent some of the best and bravest soldiers that have marched. Her boys were at Bull Run; they are at Port Royal, and in Pamlico Sound. The blood of Rhode Island has not forgotten that Greene in the Revolution and Perry in 1814 were Rhode Islanders. The heart of Rhode Island will never forget the younger heroes who face a deadlier foe to-day.

The intelligence with which the small State has regarded the rebellion from the beginning is manifested in a new bill which has been introduced into its Legislature abolishing the distinction between enrolled and active militia. Rhode Island now proposes to say, all Rhode Islanders capable of bearing arms must be made practically proficient in military knowledge and ready for all events. As went Rhode Island last spring so went the loyal States. As she goes now so will they.

For henceforth we are to be a military republic. Hitherto we have made a curious but a natural mistake. We have thought that our situation and our system enabled us safely to dispense with arms. We are now taught that it is our character and education which allows us to bear them safely. Our situation and our system, united with our condition and education, will secure us a permanent but not a pusillanimous peace. The possession of fire-arms and skill in their use promote war only among a barbarous or semi-civilized or oppressed people. To a nation of peaceful pursuits, of an equally prosperous political condition, and of general intelligence, they are simply a guarantee, not a temptation.

Every State may wisely follow the example of Rhode Island, as every college and school may follow that of the University of Michigan which contemplates a military department. As there is no restriction upon the possession of fire-arms in this country, so the practical knowledge of their use in military combinations should be made universal. Nobody probably expects an immediate peace. Nobody supposes that, when a tempest so long gathering as our civil war at length bursts with a fury that threatens the very existence of the nation, its consequences are to be smoothed away by a surrender. The rebels may be conquered. They may surrender. But hate is not vanquished by bayonets. The whole rebel section must long have military occupation, or be readily commanded by military superiority.

A military nation, also, speaks to foreign powers with significance. Its whispers are a breeze. Its words may be a tempest. We have sometimes congratulated ourselves that we knew nothing of military science and had little military skill. But it is not the loss of any knowledge, it is the subordination and application of all that makes wisdom.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THEM?

"WHAT do you gentlemen who are so clamorous for releasing the slaves of rebels propose to do with them?" is a question constantly asked. "It is very easy to cry emancipate! emancipate! but what is your panacea for those who are emancipated?"

The question, in itself, is fair and timely—although it is often asked contemptuously, and is intended to wither any further remark.

The answer is, first of all, that something must be done. At the present time we have several thousands of persons within our lines who were lately slaves. They can not be returned to rebel masters. They can not be retained as slaves. They can not be left to themselves. The Government is charged with the responsibility of their care. They must be fed, clothed, and educated, and labor must be given them. In fact, the released slaves are the pupils of the Government.

The question is of such scope, and the necessity is so urgent, that Congress should at once provide the means of dealing with the actual facts. Since the advance of our arms upon rebellious soil inevitably releases so many, it is useless to suffer the facts to be winked out of sight. Congress should at once declare that the slaves of rebels are free. That would at once determine a policy. The grave decision would not be left to the whim of a General, and the released slaves would not be forced to believe that any kind of slavery was better than such freedom as leaves them naked and starving.

That being settled, a sub-department of the Interior should be created for the special purpose of carrying into operation all the details necessary for the proper disposition of the slaves thus released. The exportation of a people, if more numerous than the Acadians, is not practicable. Yet if any wished to colonize within our own territory or elsewhere they should be assisted. Centres of operations, under sufficient military protection, should be established, and strict order maintained. Then laws looking to their advance to citizenship, at such graduated times as should be found desirable, should follow. They would be at first like a mass of rude immigrants; but after due lapse of time they would be quite as competent citizens as many other immigrants.

The difficulties of emancipation are always upon the side of the slaveholders, not of the slaves. The impediments in the West Indies were not the incompetence of the slave but the injustice of the master. The friction with us will be in the same place.

The question can not be deferred, for it is here. The slaves already with us must be cared for, and the system that properly cares for thousands should be adapted to hundreds of thousands and millions. It is confessedly the gravest point of the war—so grave that most people wish to shut their eyes upon it, hoping that Providence will settle it.

Providence will settle it, as it settles all things, by our hearts and brains.

A STRANGE STORY.

BULWER has well named his last exciting story, which is now published with the illustrations. It is a strange story. All the weird, mysterious influences that affect the human imagination, and fascinate certain scholars, surrounding daily life with an atmosphere of romance and wonder, a half-miraculous world, are used as the machinery of the tale, and with the skill of a master. It belongs to the same class of romances as his "Zanoni," which is the most highly wrought and passionate of all.

Bulwer is fully aware that great rivals, of a later date than he, are in the field; and he does not hesitate to measure swords with them. The great host of readers that acknowledge the spell of his enchantment will feel with delight the new wave of his wand, and follow with delight the fortunes of a man who seemed to have found the elixir of youth.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LENITY PROPERLY REBUKED.

A TELEGRAM from Naples states that the brigand chief, Chiavone, "has been deprived by the Bourbon Committee at Rome of the command of the brigands, for having disobeyed instructions by shooting prisoners." Telegrams are usually incomplete; but we understand that this merciful manner of murdering the prisoners has given great offense at the Vatican, and that the successor to Chiavone has imperative instructions either to burn his captives, or to put them to death gradually, in the Chinese fashion. As the Pope justly remarks, "these are not times for sentimental mercy to the enemies of the Church."

DIFFERENT VIEWS AT DIFFERENT TIMES.—Much as we may have hated a man before, it is very strange what a very different view we take of him the moment we are going to ask a favor of him!

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE POPE.—"Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

STYLES OF CONSOLATION.

A MAN'S.—"Well, I'll tell you what you must do."
A WOMAN'S.—"Ah! I told you how it would be."

THE PRUSSIAN CROWN AND CUSHION.—The *Kreuz Zeitung* reports a speech made the other day by the King of Prussia, in which his Majesty said: "My basis will, however, be the same, and will be inviolable. I have received my crown from the altar." What has King William's receipt of his crown from the altar to do with the inviolability of his basis? What relation does his basis bear to his crown? Is not the one the direct opposite to the other? If the King of Prussia puts his crown upon his basis, what, we should like to know, does he put his hat upon?

THE STAMP OF IMPRUDENCE.—The imprudent man carries postage stamps in his pocket-book, the prudent man never does—for he knows well enough that he can always borrow of the man who has them.

It is as uncomfortable to feel like scolding and have nothing to scold about, as it is to be hungry and have nothing to eat.

Good sayings always suffer by repetition; good deeds never do.

An auctioneer while selling a stock of jewelry, describing a pair of jet ear-rings to a very respectable company of ladies, exclaimed, very earnestly, "Indeed, if my wife were a widow, I would positively buy them for her."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ FOR news of the BURNSIDE EXPEDITION see page 135; for news of the CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON see page 130.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, February 11, in the Senate, a resolution of the New York Chamber of Commerce, in favor of the immediate passage of the Treasury Note bill, and pledging the support of the merchants of New York to the Government, was presented; also a petition from the Chamber on the subject of postal reform. A joint resolution was adopted that the two Houses of Congress assemble in the House of Representatives on Washington's birth-day, the 22d of February, and that the President, the members of the Cabinet, the foreign representatives, the officers of the army and navy, and others, be invited to attend, and that Washington's Farewell Address be read. A bill authorizing the banks of the District of Columbia to issue notes of less than five dollars was referred. Senator Sumner offered a series of resolutions declaring that the revolted States have committed *felo de se*, and that their relations as members of the United States no longer exist; that their allegiance has been severed, and the Federal Government owes no obligation to any pretended State Government usurping certain territory; that individuals occupying such territory owe allegiance to the General Government only, and the General Government to the individuals; therefore persons heretofore held as slaves may look henceforth to the General Government for protection as individuals. A motion to lay them on the table was carried by a vote of 21 to 15, Senator Sumner voting aye. The bill making appropriations for completing sea-coast and lake fortifications was then taken up and discussed till, upon coming to a vote upon a motion, it was discovered that there was no quorum present, whereupon the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate's amendments to the bill appropriating ten millions of dollars for the construction of twenty iron-clad steam gun-boats were concurred in, so the bill only requires the President's approval to become a law. Mr. F. A. Conkling offered a preamble and resolution setting forth that the army countersign was known to the rebels on the Potomac on the day the steamer *Pensacola* passed down the river, before it was communicated to the Union forces; that information of Union military and naval movements is frequently communicated in advance to the enemy, under circumstances justifying a suspicion of treachery on the part of persons in the service of the Government; and that the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War investigate these charges and report thereon. The resolution was adopted. A bill establishing a Department of Agriculture was introduced. The case of Mr. Segar, who claimed a seat as representative from the First District of Virginia, was resumed, and upon coming to a vote the House, by a vote of 85 to 40, adopted the report of the Committee on Elections, declaring Mr. Segar not entitled to a seat.

On Wednesday, February 12, in the Senate, the bill providing for punishment, by fine and imprisonment, of persons convicted selling spirituous liquors to Indians, was passed. The bill appropriating nearly seven millions of dollars for the completion of fortifications was also passed. Bills providing for a reorganization of the Navy Department, and for the appointment of a Warden of the District jail, were introduced. The Treasury Note bill was taken up, and speeches made by Senators Fessenden, Collamer, and Howe. The Senate Finance Committee's amendment, restoring the clause making the interest on the public debt payable in coin, was adopted. An amendment, that the Treasury notes issued in July be received in payment of public dues, was adopted. An amendment setting apart the proceeds of the public lands, and confiscated property, and duties on imported goods, as a special fund for the payment of the interest of the debt in bonds and notes of the United States, and for a sinking fund, was adopted. The amendment striking out the provision that the notes be exchanged for bonds bearing seven per cent. interest, was adopted. Several verbal amendments of the Finance Committee were adopted. Senator Fessenden moved to amend the first section, so as to make the bonds for which the notes are funded redeemable at pleasure in five years instead of twenty, and payable in twenty years. Pending the question, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill were agreed to, and the bill passed. A preamble and resolution, setting forth that Henry Wikoff had refused to state to the Judiciary Committee from whom he received a portion of the President's annual Message previous to its being laid before Congress, and transmitting the same to the New York Herald, and that said Wikoff be brought before the bar of the House to answer for contempt, was adopted. When Wikoff was brought to the bar of the House. Upon being interrogated formally regarding the matter, he said that, while he hoped he would not be considered as wanting in respect either to the House or the Judiciary Committee, yet the information demanded was received by him under an obligation of secrecy that he felt bound to respect. Mr. Richardson moved a postponement of the subject until Thursday, in order to give the prisoner time for reflection, but the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Mr. Hickman, pressed a resolution handing Mr. Wikoff over to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms until he shall purge himself of the alleged contempt, which was adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, February 13, in the Senate, the Treasury Note bill, with the legal tender clause, and the clause providing for the payment of the interest of the public debt in coin, was passed by a vote of thirty to seven. A conference committee was appointed on the amendments to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill. A bill fixing the number of Representatives under the new apportionment was reported. The bill fixes the number at two hundred and thirty-nine. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, presented a series of resolutions declaratory of the rights of the States and of the United States. The series concludes with the following: "That no State, by any vote of secession, or any other act, can abrogate her rights or obligations, or the obligations of the United States to preserve her people in all their rights, and guarantee to them a State republican government. That there can be no confiscation of any property or the rights of loyal citizens unless for acts declared to be criminal. That it is the duty of the United States to suppress the rebellion, to carry the 'sword' in one hand and the 'olive branch' in the other, and to restore the States as they were before the war."——In the House, a resolution was adopted authorizing the Secretary of War to pay the Hannibal and St. Joseph and Pacific Railroad companies for the transportation of troops, munitions of war, etc., according to the schedules issued by the War Department in July last. The consideration of the Naval Appropriation bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. A clause requiring that naval officers shall be employed to charter and purchase vessels when necessary, and wherever their services are not available the compensation to other parties for chartering and purchasing vessels shall not exceed five thousand dollars per annum, and at the same rate for a shorter period of service, was agreed to. The Committee then rose and the House adjourned.

On Friday, February 14, in the Senate, an amendment to the Army bill was adopted, giving the bounty allowed to soldiers, in case of death, to the relatives of the deceased. A resolution was also passed authorizing and requesting the President to dismiss from the army or navy such officers as, in his judgment, were unsuited to the service, or when the service would be benefited by such dismissal.——In the House, the Naval Appropriation bill was passed, with an amendment appropriating fifteen million dollars for building additional gun-boats, as also one million for an ordnance foundry at Washington. The Senate's amendment to the bill for the suppression of the coolie trade was concurred in by the House. Mr. Wikoff, who had purged himself of contempt to the House by answering the question propounded by the Committee, was ordered to be discharged from custody. Both bodies then adjourned over until Monday.

On Monday, February 17, the excitement in the Senate incident to the reception of the news of the glorious successes of the Union arms entirely unfitted that body for the transaction of public business. After some routine business, of little importance, they went into executive session, and soon after adjourned.——The House participated in the general jubilee consequent upon the announcement of the news from Tennessee. No business was done beyond the passage of an amendment reducing the salary of the Commissioner of the Agricultural Department, and the bill authorizing the employment of a stenographer by the committee on the conduct of the war. The bill making an appropriation for the signal service of the army was also passed.

BOWLING GREEN EVACUATED, AND BUELL IN PURSUIT.

Bowling Green has been evacuated by the rebels, and our troops, under the direction of General Buell, are availing themselves of its evacuation to press on southward. On learning that the rebels were evacuating that place, General Buell ordered a forced march by General Mitchell, to save, if possible, the railroad and turnpike bridges on Big Barren River. They, however, had all been destroyed when General Mitchell reached the banks of the river. The brigades of General Breckinridge and General Hindman were until Thursday evening at Woodburn Station, but subsequently moved on to Russelville, and are probably now near Nashville.

It is believed now that no rebel forces exist in Kentucky east of the direct road from Bowling Green *via* Franklin—a town on the railroad, nine miles south of Woodburn Station—to Nashville. It is reported that General M'Cook and General Thomas left with their divisions, by way of Salt River, for the Cumberland on Saturday; General Buell, it is said, accompanied M'Cook's division, to take command on the Cumberland River in person, where 80,000 of our troops were expected to arrive on 18th. While he presses the enemy on the Cumberland with his tremendous force, their flank and rear are threatened by the heavy divisions under Generals Nelson and Mitchell.

THE ATTACK UPON CLARKSVILLE.

General Cullum, in his dispatch received by General M'Clellan on 18th, states that Commodore Foote, although suffering from the wound he received, will immediately follow with two gun-boats and the mortar-boats which he expects to overtake, and make an attack on Clarksville, another strong post of the rebels on the way to Nashville. Clarksville is distant from Nashville about fifty miles, in a northwesterly direction. It is fortified pretty strongly from the bluffs surrounding it, and is by this time most probably held by a large force of the rebels.

PRICE DRIVEN OUT OF MISSOURI.

An official dispatch was received by General M'Clellan on 14th, from General Halleck, announcing that the rebel General Price, with his whole army, evacuated Springfield on Wednesday night upon the approach of our troops toward Wilson's Creek. Our cavalry pursued them, while the main body of our army took possession of the town and hoisted the "old flag" on the Court-house. A large amount of stores and equipage fell into our hands. On 16th we received intelligence from General Halleck that the rear-guard of Price's army was overtaken, and after a short resistance fled and dispersed, leaving in the hands of our troops more prisoners than they could well take care of, and deserting all their wagons and baggage on the road.

A VICTORY BY GENERAL LANDER.

A dispatch received by General M'Clellan, on 15th, from General Lander, dated Pawpaw, Virginia, at eight o'clock on Friday night, announces the fact that his forces surprised a rebel camp at Blooming Gap, capturing seventeen commissioned officers, some of them of high rank, and a number of others—in all amounting to seventy-five men. Thirteen of the rebels were killed. This affair opens the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as far as Hancock, and clears General Lander's department of the rebels completely.

THE GREAT SAWYER GUN BURST.

The great Sawyer gun at Newport News burst on Tuesday afternoon, while being fired off, killing two privates of the Massachussets Twenty-ninth Regiment, and wounding five or six others more or less seriously.

AN AMNESTY TO POLITICAL PRISONERS.

The President has issued an order, through the Secretary of War, releasing all political prisoners now in the custody of the military authorities in every quarter, upon giving their parole to afford no aid to the enemies of the Government—spies alone excepted. The President states that, as the rebellion is now manifestly on the decline, the severe measures resorted to in the beginning are no longer necessary.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

GREAT BRITAIN TO REMAIN NEUTRAL.

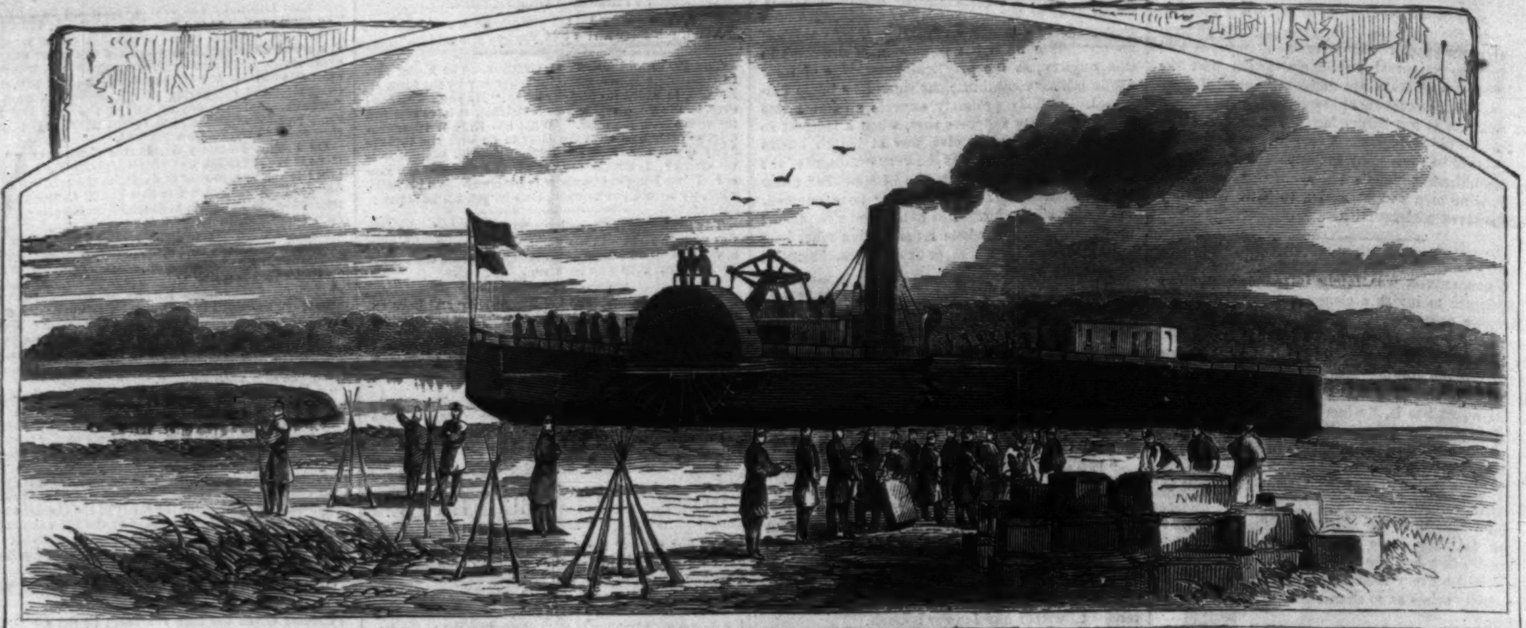
LORD JOHN RUSSELL has addressed an important letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, laying down very stringent rules with regard to American vessels of war or privateers (belligerents) which may enter British ports. No such vessels from the North or South will be permitted to enter any port of the Bahama Islands without special leave of the Lieutenant-Governor; and with reference to all British ports, whether in the United Kingdom or in the colonies, the vessels alluded to will not be allowed to obtain any of the facilities for warlike equipment; and when a ship belonging to one belligerent has sailed, twenty-four hours must elapse before a ship belonging to the other belligerent may also leave the harbor. When under stress of weather, vessels may have coal or supplies to enable them to proceed to the nearest port of America—North or South—where they will find shelter. As the Union war ships require no aid, except in case of casualty, from Great Britain, this order will operate healthfully for the Union cause in undocking the privateers now ensconced in English harbors, as well as effectually breaking up the nests of rebel smugglers and pirates which have been formed at the Bahamas and other parts of the West Indies by the secessionists since the commencement of the rebellion.

THE "NASHVILLE" TO GO.

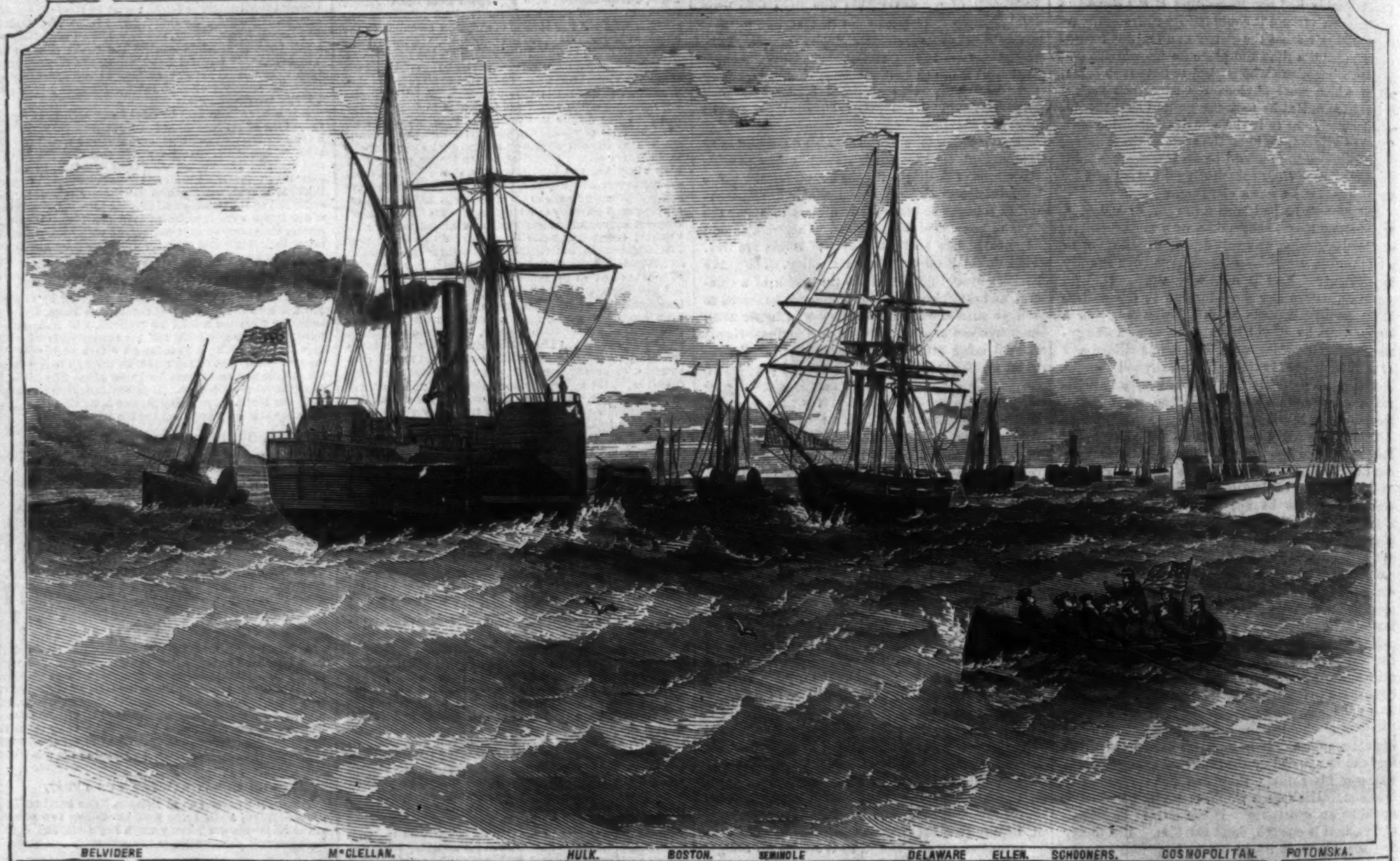
The *Nashville* has been ordered from Southampton; but her commander sent in a pitiful appeal begging more time, and pointing to the fact that "certain destruction" awaited his vessel from the *Tuscarora* if he went out immediately after her.

THE "SUMTER" LIKEWISE.

The military commander of Gibraltar has ordered the *Sumter* from that harbor within six hours, notwithstanding that her captain begged time to wait for the arrival of cash wherewith to purchase coal and food supplies. It was said that the *Sumter* would be sold to parties in Genoa.

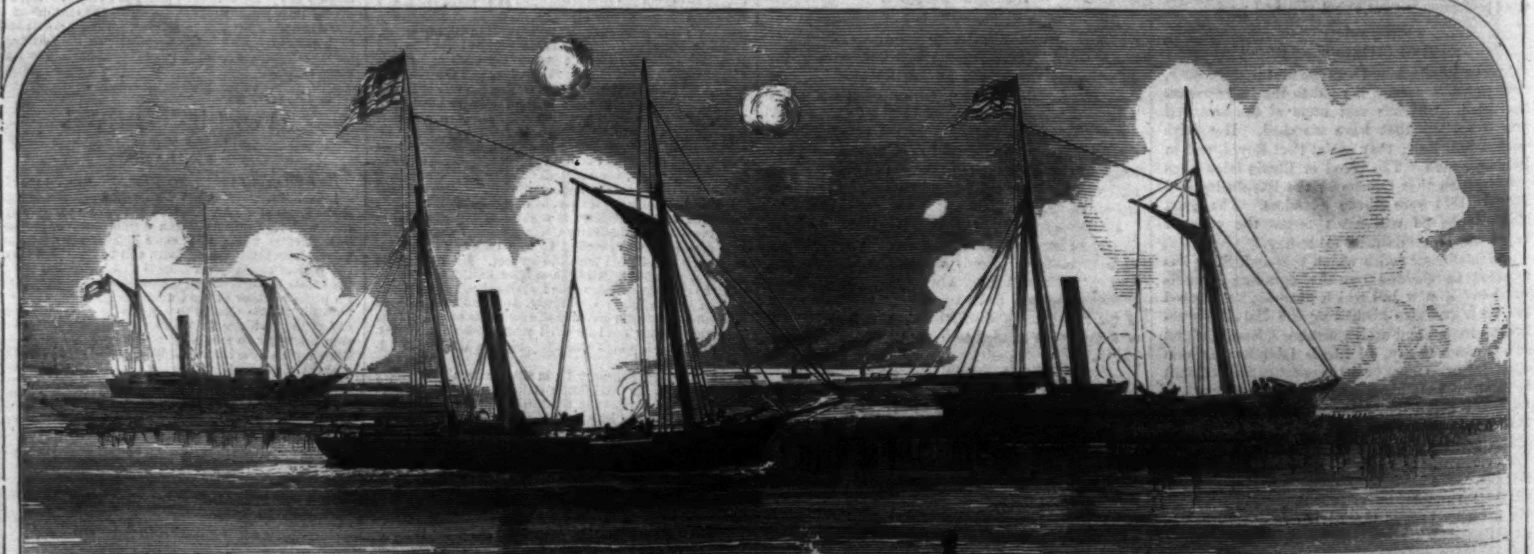


LOSS OF STEAMER WINFIELD SCOTT.



BELVIDERE. M^c CLELLAN. HULK. BOSTON. SEMINOLE. DELAWARE. ELLEN. SCHOONERS. COSMOPOLITAN. POTOMSKA.

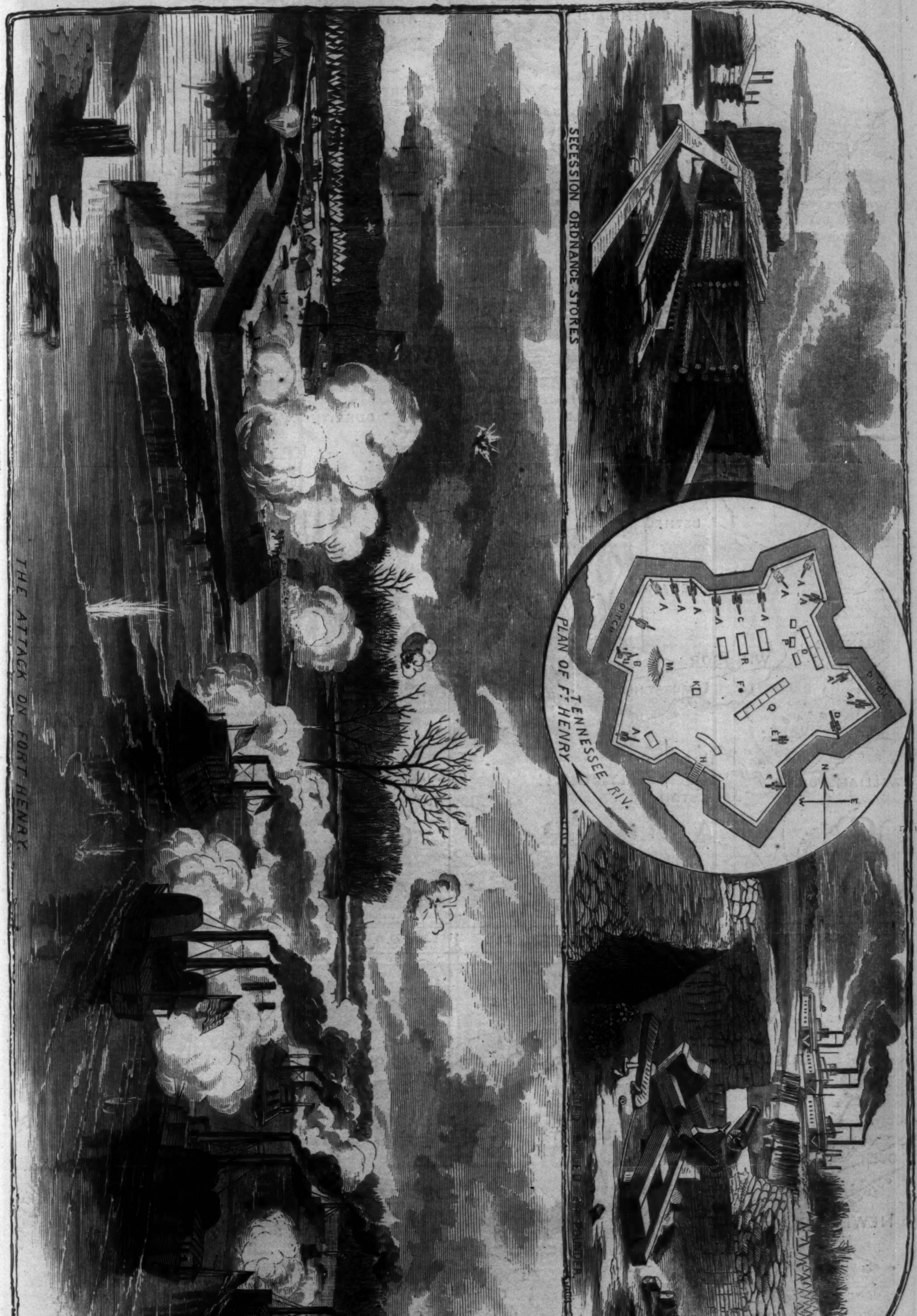
THE EXPEDITION IN WARSAW SOUND.



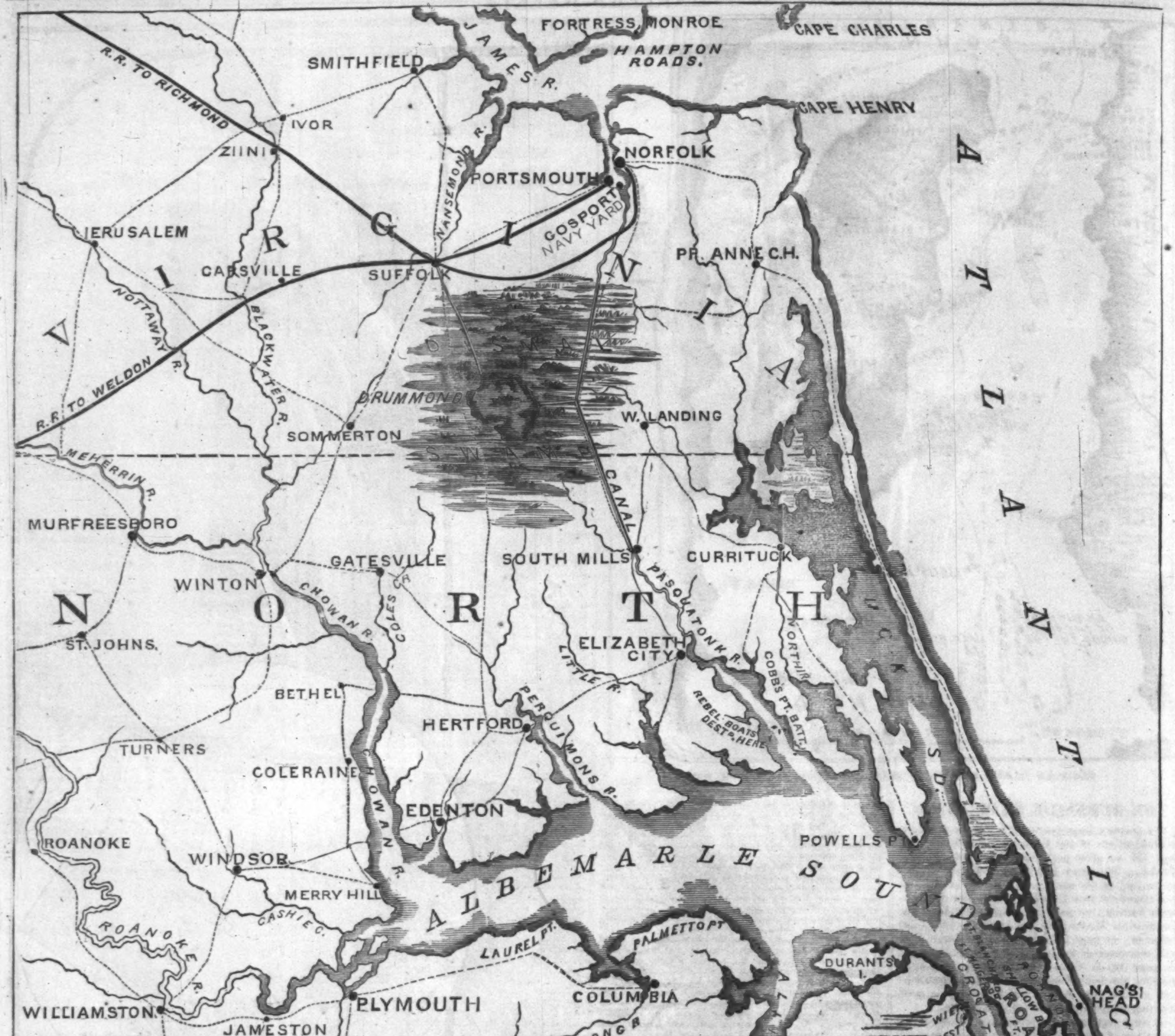
FORT ANDREWS. PEMBINA. TATNALL'S FLEET. UNADILLA.

GUN-BOATS ENTERING SAVANNAH RIVER ABOVE FORT PULASKI.

OUR NAVY IN THE SAVANNAH RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 135.]



GENERAL MAP OF ALBEMARLE AND PAMLICO SOUNDS, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS OF THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—[See next Page.]

ROANOKE ISLAND, SHOWING POSITION OF REBEL BATTERIES, ETC.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

WE devote a large portion of our space this week to illustrations of the Burnside Expedition. On page 136 we give portraits of the commanders, GENERAL BURNSIDE and FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH; on the same page a picture of the DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL NAVY UNDER COMMODORE LYNCH; on page 137 an illustration of the CHARGE OF HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES upon the rebel batteries; on page 140 a portrait of GENERAL FOSTER, who received the surrender of the rebel troops; on page 134 A CHART OF ALBEMARLE SOUND, showing the field of operations of the expedition: and on this page a MAP OF ROANOKE ISLAND, showing the position of the rebel batteries.

A very neat and comprehensive report of the operations of the combined fleet and army is given in General Burnside's Report, as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
ROANOKE ISLAND, *Feb.* 10, 1862.

To Major-General George B. M'Clellan, Commanding United States Army, Washington:

GENERAL,—I have the honor to report that a combined attack upon this island was commenced on the morning of the 7th by the naval and military forces of this expedition, which has resulted in the capture of six forts, forty guns, over two thousand prisoners, and upward of three thousand small arms.

Among the prisoners are Colonel Shaw, commander of the island, and O. Jennings Wise, commander of the Wise Legion. The latter was mortally wounded, and has since died.

The whole work was finished on the afternoon of the 8th inst., after a hard day's fighting, by a brilliant charge in the centre of the island, and a rapid pursuit of the enemy to the north end of the island, resulting in the capture of the prisoners mentioned above.

We have had no time to count them, but the number is estimated at nearly three thousand.

Our men fought bravely, and have endured most manfully the hardships incident to fighting through swamps and dense thickets.

It is impossible to give the details of the engagement, or to mention meritorious officers and men in the short time allowed for writing this report, the naval vessel carrying it starting immediately for Hampton Roads, and the reports of the Brigadier-Generals having not yet been handed in. It is enough to say that the officers and men of both arms of the service have fought gallantly, and the plans agreed upon before leaving Hatteras were carried out.

I will be excused for saying in reference to the action that I owe every thing to Generals Foster, Reno, and Parks, as more full details will show.

I am sorry to report the loss of about thirty-five killed, and about two hundred wounded, ten of these probably mortally. Among the killed are Colonel Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Victor de Monteil, of the D'Epeneuil Zouaves. Both of them fought most gallantly. I regret exceedingly not being able to send a full report of the killed and wounded, but will send a dispatch in a day or two with full returns.

I beg leave to inclose a copy of a General Order issued by me on the 9th inst.

I am most happy to say that I have just received a message from Commander Goldsborough stating that the expedition of the gun-boats against Elizabeth City and the rebel fleet has been entirely successful. He will, of course, send his returns to his department.

Since then the fleet have occupied Edenton, Hertford, and have made explorations up the Chowan and Roanoke Rivers without meeting any enemy. In all probability the troops have already severed the railway connections at or near Weldon.

CAPTURE OF THE FORTS.

We clip the following account of the Battle at Roanoke Island from the correspondence of the *Tribune:*

By daybreak on 8th, General Foster had his brigade in motion to attack the rebels, followed soon after by the brigades of Generals Reno and Parks. The advance was supported by six howitzers, commanded by Midshipmen Porter and Hammond, and manned in part from the fleet. After fording a creek, General Foster's force came up with the enemy's pickets, who fired their pieces and ran. Striking the main road, the brigade pushed on, and after marching a mile and a half came in sight of the enemy's position. To properly understand its great strength, in addition to what skillful engineering had done, the reader will bear in mind that the island, which is low and sandy, is cut up and dotted with marshes and lagoons. On the right and left of the enemy a morass, deemed impassable, stretched out nearly the entire width of the island.

The upper and lower part of the island being connected by the narrow neck on which the battery was situated, and across which lay the road, the battery of three guns had been located so as to rake every inch of the narrow causeway, which, for some distance, was the only approach to the work. General Foster immediately disposed his forces for attack, by placing the 25th Massachusetts, supported by the 23d Massachusetts, in line, and opened with musketry and cannon. The enemy replied hotly with artillery and infantry. While they were thus engaged, the 27th Massachusetts came up, and were ordered by General Foster to the left to the enemy in the woods, where the rebel sharpshooters were stationed. The 10th Connecticut was placed in support of the 25th Massachusetts.

General Reno now came up with his brigade, consisting of the 21st Massachusetts, 51st New York, 51st Pennsylvania, and 9th New Jersey, and pushing through the swamps and tangled undergrowth, took up a position on the right, with the view of turning the enemy. This was done with the greatest alacrity. Meanwhile the contest raged hotly in front, our men behaving gallantly, not wavering for a moment. The Massachusetts men vied with the men of Connecticut; those of New York and New Jersey courageously supporting their brethren of Pennsylvania. Our troops were gradually overcoming the difficulties which impeded their approach, and though fighting at great disadvantage, and suffering severely, were making a steady advance. Regulars were never more steady. General Burnside was near the place of landing, hurrying up the reserves, receiving reports, and, so far as practicable, giving orders.

General Foster was in active command on the ground. His brave and collected manner, the skillfulness with which he, as well as General Reno and General Parks maœuvred their forces, their example in front of the line, and their conduct in any aspect, inspired the troops to stand where even older soldiers would have wavered. In this they were seconded nobly by officers of every grade. General Parks, who had come up with the 4th Rhode Island, 8th Connecticut, and 9th New York, gave timely and gallant support to the 23d and 27th Massachusetts. The ammunition of our artillery getting short, and our men having suffered severely, a charge was the only method of dislodging the enemy. At this juncture Major Kimball, of Hawkins's Zouaves (New York 9th) offered to lead the charge, and storm the battery with the bayonet. "You are the man, the 9th the regiment, and this the moment! Zouaves! storm the battery! Forward!" was General Foster's reply. They started on the run, yelling like devils, cheered by our forces on every side. Colonel Hawkins, who was leading two companies in the flank movement, joined his regiment on the way. On they went, with fixed bayonets, shouting "Zou! Zou! Zou!" into the battery, cheered more loudly than ever. The rebels, taking fright as the Zouaves started, went out when they went in, leaving pretty much every thing behind them, not even stopping to spike their guns, or take away their dead and wounded that had not been removed.

General Foster immediately reformed his brigade, while General Reno, with the 21st Massachusetts and 9th New York, went in pursuit. Following in quick time, General Foster overtook General Reno, who had halted to make a movement to cut off the retreat of a body of rebels, numbering between 800 and 1000 on the left, near Wier's Point, and not far from the upper battery. Taking a part of his force, General Reno pushed on in that direction. It being understood that there was a two-gun battery near Shellbag Bay, Colonel Hawkins, with his Zouaves, was dispatched in that direction.

General Foster pushed on at double-quick with the 24th Massachusetts, followed by an adequate force, in the tracks of the rebels, who, panic-stricken, were fleeing at the top of their speed, throwing away as they went guns, equipments, every thing, so that the road for miles was strewn with whatever the fugitives could disencumber themselves of. Thus was the pursuit kept up for five or six miles, when General Foster, as he was close on the heels of the enemy, was met by a flag of truce borne by Colonel Pool of the 8th North Carolina, with a message from Colonel Shaw of the North Carolina forces, and now senior in command, asking what terms of capitulation would be granted. General Foster's answer was, "Unconditional surrender." Colonel Pool wanted to know how much time would be granted. "No longer than will enable you to report to your senior." Colonel Pool retired, and, after waiting for what he supposed was sufficient length of time without a reply, General Foster commenced closing on the enemy, when Major Stevenson of the 24th Massachusetts, who had gone with Colonel Pool to receive Colonel Shaw's answer, appeared with a message that General Foster's terms were accepted.

DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL FLEET.

The destruction of the rebel fleet by Commander Rowan is thus described by the same correspondent:

We came in sight of Elizabeth City about eight o'clock, and as we approached we discovered the enemy's steamers —seven in number—in line of battle, in front of the city, ready to receive us. A fort was also discovered on a point which projected out some considerable distance—one-fourth of a mile, perhaps—in front of the rebel line of steamers; and directly opposite of this fort was a schooner, anchored, on which were two heavy rifle guns, the distance between the fort and this schooner being about half a mile. Four large guns were mounted on the fort, and it was thought by the rebels that no fleet of ours could pass this narrow channel; consequently they considered themselves safe, with the assistance of their navy, drawn up between the city and fort.

At the sight of the enemy every thing was in readiness for battle. To describe the wild delight of our brave blue-jackets when they first discovered the enemy is more than the pen can do.

The charge was short and desperate, and, without any exception, is one of the most brilliant ever made by the American Navy. All eyes were on the Commander, Rowan, to see what the first order would be, as we were rapidly approaching the foe.

In due time he ran up the signal to engage the enemy in close action, hand to hand. We were then about two miles from the enemy. This was a signal for a test of speed as well as a signal for a deadly encounter with a desperate foe, whose all was staked upon this final engagement. For a distance of two miles it was a race between our steamers in their eagerness to outstrip each other, and to be first to meet the enemy of the Republic face to face.

The river began to narrow as we approached the city. The point where the fort was situated necessarily brought our steamers nearer together, making them sure marks for the enemy's guns; indeed, it would be a miracle if a shot from one of the enemy's guns did not strike some one of our steamers. Under the circumstances, most any other commander would have thought it advisable to first attack the fort and silence the guns on both sides of that narrow point, and then attack the rebel steamers; but not so with the brave and intrepid Rowan, whose motto is to charge bayonets on the enemy whenever and wherever he may be found. In action the position of the commander's ship is in the centre of the squadron. The *Delaware*, Captain Rowan's flag-ship, was at the head of the advancing column, and led the van. No attention was paid to the fort or armed schooner, as they dashed by them through a perfect torrent of shells and grape, boarded the rebel steamers, and engaged them at the point of the bayonet, as the panic-stricken rebels leaped into the water in every direction. Many were killed by the bayonet and revolver in this hand-to-hand fight, and sank below the water. Their real loss will doubtless never be known to us; the slaughter, however, was fearful, and the struggle short and desperate—not more than fifteen minutes in duration.

The fort and armed schooner were deserted quite as soon as were the rebel steamers, for it was made quite as hot work for those behind the guns as it was for their confederates on the gun-boats. Our loss is two killed and about a dozen wounded—all seamen. The death-struggle was brief. In less time than it would take to write a telegraphic dispatch the victory was ours.

The *Commodore Perry* was in the advance, and made for the rebel steamer *Sea-Bird*, the flag-ship of the rebel navy, on which was Commodore Lynch, and run her down, cutting her through. The *Ceres* ran straight into the rebel steamer *Ellis*, and run her down in like manner, boarding her at the same time. The *Underwriter* took the *Forrest* in the same style; while the *Delaware* took the *Fanny* in fine shape, she having received ten shots from our squadron, which made daylight through her in as many places. The *Morse*, *Shawsheen*, *Lockwood*, *Hetzell*, *Valley City*, *Putnam*, *Whitehead*, *Blinker*, and *Seymour* also covered themselves with glory. Every officer and man in our entire squadron behaved like a hero, one as brave as the other, all through this desperate charge. The terrified rebels, as they forsook their gun-boats, fired them, and thus all but the *Ellis* were burned, including a new one on the stocks. Four were burned, one captured, and two made their escape—the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort*. They are in the canal which leads to Norfolk, but are not able to go through, on account of the locks having been destroyed; consequently they will be captured before this reaches you, as they can go only some few miles toward Norfolk.

ACTING MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE.

The Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, Brigadier-General Ambrose Everitt Burnside, was born at Liberty, in Union County, Indiana, on the 23d of May, 1824, and is consequently now in his thirty-eighth year. In 1842 he entered the West Point Military Academy, and graduated in 1847, with the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Second United States Artillery. In September of the same year he was transferred to the Third Artillery, and was attached to the rebel General (then Captain) Bragg's company, with which he marched in the division of General Patterson to the city of Mexico, and there remained until the close of hostilities. With this company he also was engaged for three or four years in the Indian border wars of New Mexico, distinguishing himself in an encounter with the Apache tribe in August, 1849, near Los Vegas, where he completely routed them, killing eighteen and taking nine prisoners, besides capturing a number of horses. For his gallantry on this occasion he was brought to the notice of the President and Congress, and in December, 1851, was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. In the commission appointed to settle the boundary lines between the United States and Mexico after the war between the two countries, General Burnside served as Quarter-master; and in 1851, in the capacity of bearer of dispatches from Colonel Graham to President Fillmore, he traversed a distance of twelve hundred miles across the Plains, from the Gila River through the Indian country, attended by an escort of but three men, in seventeen days. Subsequent to this he was stationed at Fort Adams, in Newport harbor, and retired from service in October, 1853. In the interval to the outbreak of the present troubles he occupied himself in the civil walks of life. Shortly after his retirement from the army he turned his attention to the manufacture of a breech-loading rifle—well known as the "Burnside rifle"—invented by himself, and possessed of peculiar and superior merit. During the Administration of Buchanan it was submitted to Secretary of War Floyd, who gave assurances that it would be adopted. It transpired subsequently, however, that Floyd had made a bargain with another inventor, with whom he was to share the profits, and General Burnside, who had incurred considerable expense in bringing his weapon to perfection on the strength of Floyd's promises, was consequently involved in some pecuniary difficulties, from which an upright and honorable character and persevering industry have since entirely relieved him. He sold the establishment in Bristol, where his rifle was manufactured, to his brother-in-law, who has since carried it on, and furnished a considerable quantity of the arms to the Government. He was, subsequent to this transaction, connected with the Illinois Central Railroad, in company with General M'Clellan. While in Rhode Island he became acquainted with and married a charming and most estimable lady of Providence, named Miss Bishop, with whom he removed to Chicago when appointed to the position in the railroad company. Having been elected treasurer of the company, he removed to New York, where he had been but a short time when summoned by Governor Sprague to take command of the First Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, with which he took part at the Battle of Bull Run, acting during the engagement as Brigadier-General of the Second Brigade of the Second Division. It may be interesting to mention in this connection that the First Company of his regiment was armed with the "Burnside rifle"—a weapon that did good execution in the battle in avenging the wrongs of the inventor upon the co-rebels of the traitor Floyd. Colonel Burnside's skillful generalship on this occasion brought him to the immediate notice of the authorities at Washington, and on 6th of August last he was promoted to a full Brigadier-General. Personally, General Burnside is a man of fine appearance, with a lofty forehead, expressive of deep penetration. His manners are very winning and pleasing, while at the same time his features denote a firmness and decisiveness of character eminently appropriate to the important position which he occupies. He is, withal, a strict disciplinarian, a most implacable enemy to military irregularity, and yet a most popular man with every one.

FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH.

Flag-Officer Louis M. Goldsborough, commander of the naval part of the Burnside expedition, was born in the District of Columbia. He is a citizen of the State of Maryland, but received his appointment in the United States Navy from the District of Columbia.

His first entrance into the navy bears date June 13, 1812. He has consequently been nearly fifty years in the United States service, over eighteen of which he has passed at sea in the various grades of the naval service. Among others, he commanded the *Marion*, 38 guns, in 1842, at the time she was attached to the squadron of Commodores Ridgely and Morris at Brazil. In 1847 he commanded the *Ohio*, 74 guns, and afterward commanded the *Cumberland*, 44 guns, and the *Levant*, 18 guns, at the time those vessels were attached to the squadron of Commodore Silas H. Stringham in the Mediterranean. The *Cumberland* was the flag-ship while under his command. His time of service on shore is about twelve years, and he has been off active duty about eighteen years.

The date of his present commission is September 14, 1855. He lately commanded the United States frigate *Congress*, from which position he was appointed to command one half of the Atlantic Blockading Squadron, superseding Commodore Stringham, who was formerly in command, His flag-ship was the *Minnesota*, and his station for some time was Fortress Monroe. Although the late act relative to officers in the navy places him nominally on the retired list, having been over forty-five years in the service of his country, yet Commodore Goldsborough, like many other old officers in the navy, is a man of too much experience and energy to be allowed to retire upon his laurels, as his brilliant performance at Roanoke Island abundantly testifies.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FOSTER.

Brigadier-General John G. Foster, commanding the First Brigade, who received the surrender of the rebel troops on Roanoke Island, was born in New Hampshire in 1824, graduated at West Point in 1846, standing number four in his class, and was breveted Second Lieutenant of Engineers in the company of which the rebel General Gustavus W. Smith was then Captain and General M'Clellan First Lieutenant. On the 20th of August, 1847, he was breveted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. He was with the storming party engaged at El Molino del Rey, in which engagement he was severely wounded, and for his gallant and meritorious conduct while in this battle he was breveted Captain, his commission bearing date September 8, 1847. He was Assistant Professor of Engineering at the Military Academy during 1854, and in April of that year was made a full First Lieutenant of Engineers. On the 1st of July, 1860, he was made a full Captain, at the same time holding a brevet higher rank. He was also one of the brave few who so long and so gallantly defended Fort Sumter against the rebel soldiery of South Carolina. Since his return from that fort he has been actively engaged in the superintendence of the fortifications at Sandy Hook, and has there shown forth some of his engineering qualifications. In consideration of his military capacity and experience, he was created by the President a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

WE devote page 133 to illustrations of FORT HENRY, whose capture by our gallant Navy, under Flag-officer FOOTE, we recorded in our last number. Our pictures are from sketches by our attentive Western correspondent Mr. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT. We refer to last number for a full account of the affair, and subjoin the following references to the letters on the MAP of the Fort:

A—32-pounder barbette guns......	12
B—24-pounder barbette rifled gun..	1 (bursted gun)
C—10-inch Columbiad.............	1
D—24-pounder siege-gun..........	1
E—12-pounder siege-guns.........	2
F—Flag-staff.	17 guns.
H—Drawbridge.	
K—Well.	
M—Magazine.	
O—Ordnance stores.	
Q—Quarters.	
P—Adjutant's quarters.	
R—Officers' quarters.	

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST SAVANNAH.

WE devote page 132 to illustrations of the movements of our EXPEDITION AGAINST SAVANNAH, from sketches by our artist, Mr. Davis. He writes:

THE ENTRANCE OF OUR GUN-BOATS INTO THE SAVANNAH RIVER, ABOVE FORT PULASKI.

On several occasions previous to starting this expedition Captain John Rogers, of the navy, in company with Captain Donohoe and Lieutenant Wilson, of the army, made frequent trips for the purpose of ascertaining the depth of water and facilities for entering the Savannah River above Fort Pulaski. These officers had need to use all caution, and in the dark, foggy nights had some escapes that were exceedingly narrow.

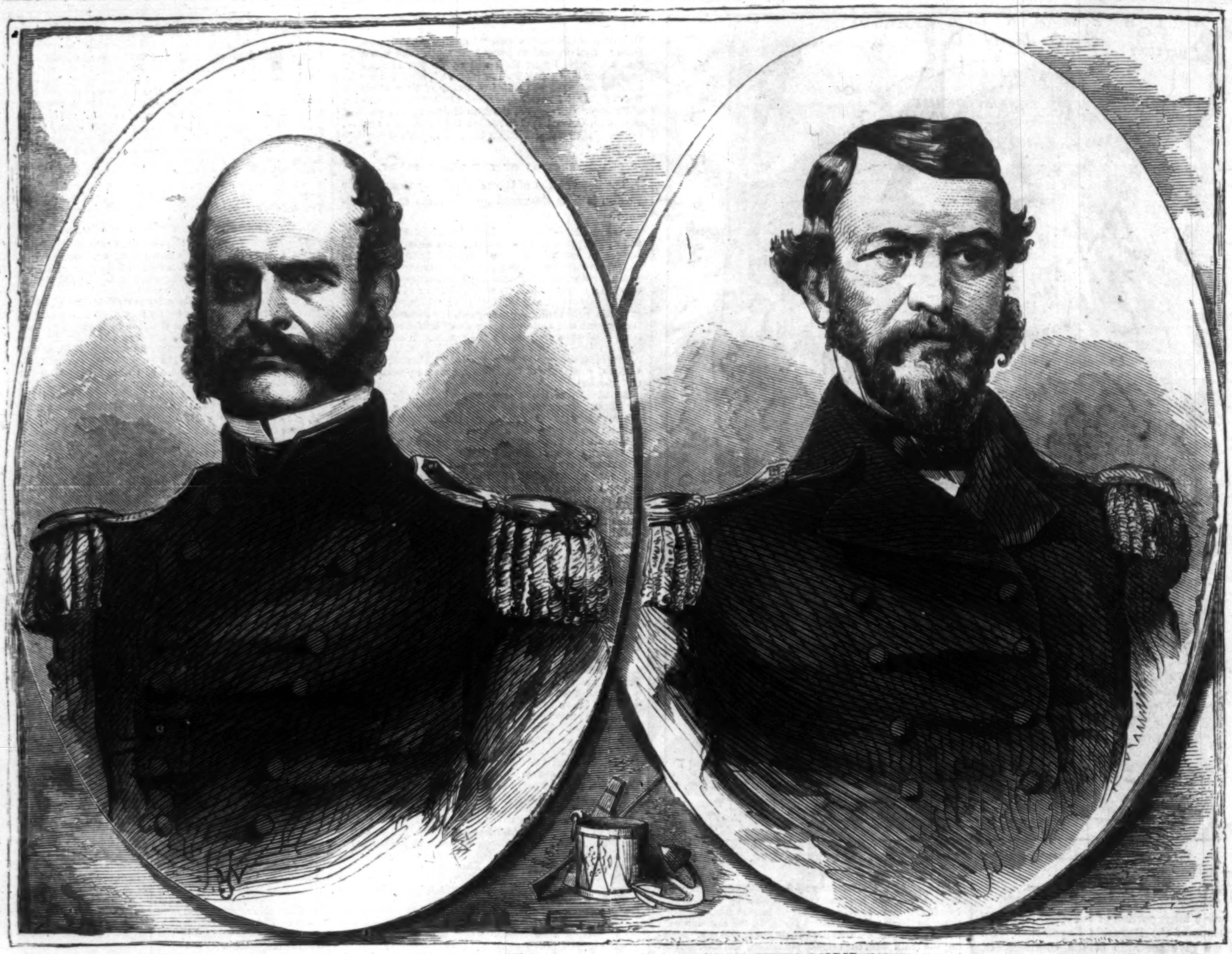
This preface to the expedition being successfully accomplished, General Sherman made, with the swiftly-rowed gig of the *M'Clellan*, under the cover of the guns of the *Pembina*, *Unadilla*, and others, a reconnoissance to ascertain the exact position of affairs. While so engaged the gun-boats of Tatnall's fleet came down, and a brisk cannonade was commenced between our boats and those of Secesh—in which Secesh could not see the point, and ran away. The low stage of the tide prevented our boats, not yet in the Savannah, from pursuing.

The steamer *Winfield Scott*, in conveying the 48th New York Regiment, Colonel Perry, to the scene of action, ran on a mud flat, and upon the receding of the tide cracked entirely open, rendering her, with the exception of her machinery, a total loss. She was at best a mere shell, and it is perhaps fortunate that she was lost in a creek.

THE EXPEDITION TO WARSAW SOUND.

The large steamers *Cosmopolitan*, *Boston*, *Delaware*, and *Belvidere*, with a number of schooners in tow, went down to Warsaw in company with several gun-boats for the purpose of entering the Savannah River by the way of the Wilmington River, and in this way avoid any danger from Fort Pulaski, the steamer *M'Clellan*, with General Sherman and Commodore Dupont on board, following shortly after. The *M'Clellan*, being used as the flag-ship, returned shortly after to Hilton Head.

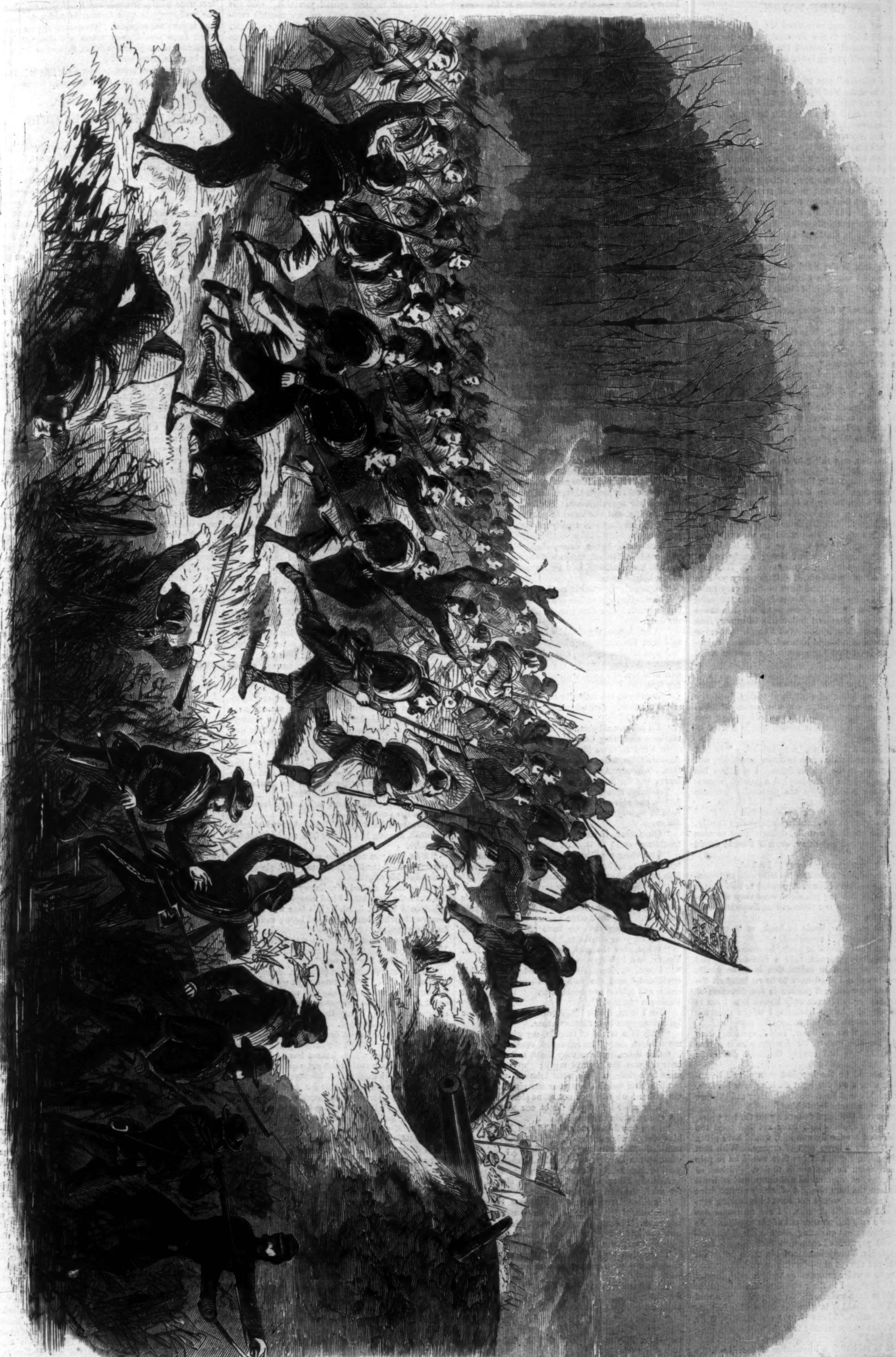
We have information from Fortress Monroe that severe fighting has been going on near Savannah, and that the city was reported to have been captured by the Union troops, most probably those of General Wright and Captain Davis, who entered the Savannah River by Warsaw Sound.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL BURNSIDE.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 135.]

FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 135.]

DESTRUCTION OF COMMODORE LYNCH'S FLEET BY THE UNION GUN-BOATS.—[See Page 135.]



GALLANT CHARGE OF HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES UPON THE REBEL BATTERIES ON ROANOKE ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

CARE-WORN.

"How pale and care-worn Mr. Emory looks!" remarked a lady to her husband, as the person to whom she referred crossed the room with an elegantly-dressed young lady, his daughter, leaning on his arm.

"No wonder," was replied. "Mr. Emory has enough to make him look pale and care-worn."

"Has any thing happened in his family?" The lady turned curiously toward her husband.

"I believe not."

"What is wrong, then?"

"Much; as witness the troubled look that rests always on his face when it is in repose. A peaceful mind never records itself in such an expression. I am glad to see him among us for a few days. He needs the change and mental recreation—needs them a great deal more than nine out of ten who are here. But he can not stay long enough to receive any permanent benefit. Wife and daughters will remain; he must speed back to the city."

"Why?"

"Business."

"Yes, that is the word with men. They worship business with the blind devotion of idolators. Every thing is sacrificed to business."

"Why?"

The husband's face was serious. His wife did not answer the question.

"I will tell you. It is chiefly because men, in our day, try to do more business than they are able to manage. They are anxious to secure large returns in a brief time."

"Men should be wiser and more prudent," was responded. "Common sense should teach them a better way."

"I grant you this. But there are influences at work with almost every man that too frequently prove stronger than prudence or common sense."

"What are they?"

"Social pride."

"Has that any thing to do with Mr. Emory's care-worn face?"

"Every thing. Mr. Emory possessed a business, ten years ago, which, if rightly managed, would have made him to-day an independent man in the world, instead of one almost harassed to death. It is the old story. His family must occupy a certain position in society. They must go with the fashionable crowd. There must be a fine house and costly furniture; dress and show; costly emulations. All these things require money. It is easy to sink a few thousands of dollars every year in home extravagances, and have nothing very satisfactory to show for it at the end. Two thousand dollars a year for ten years make the handsome sum of twenty thousand dollars; and I'm very sure that, without the abridgment of a single comfort or the removal of a single element of rational enjoyment, at least that large amount of money could have been saved by the family of Mr. Emory during the period mentioned. What then?"

"Mr. Emory would have been just twenty thousand dollars better off than he is to-day," said the lady. "So much richer, but whether any the less a pale, care-worn devotee of business is open to a doubt. This business, it strikes me, is a kind of mental disease."

"Only in a few cases," was replied. "In Mr. Emory's case, as I happen to know, necessity, and not impulse, is the law in force. I saw him ten days ago, and the interview left a painful impression on my mind. We are personally intimate enough to talk freely together. I said to him,

"'Are you going to the sea-shore this year?'

"He shrugged his shoulders and smiled faintly. It was the ghost of a smile, dying almost as soon as born. 'Can't get away, even if I could afford it.'

"'Why can't you get away?' I asked.

"He reached his hand for his bill-book, and opening to the month of August, pointed to half a page of entries, which my practiced eyes very well understood. 'Foots six thousand and upward,' said he, significantly.

"'You have the funds in bank, or to come in during the month,' I remarked.

"'Not five hundred in bank,' he answered, looking painfully concerned, 'nor a thousand beyond on which any certain calculation is to be made. So you see that I shall have to be on hand all the time, just to work and scheme in the direction of money-raising. Heaven only knows how I am to get through! As for business, I might shut my store for a month and not be any the worse off.'

"'I wish, from my heart,' said I, speaking from a kind impulse toward Mr. Emory, who is a true man, 'that you had twenty thousand dollars in bank.'

"'I should be the happiest man alive!' he answered, with a sudden light flashing over his face. How quickly that light receded! How sad the face its fleeting radiance left behind!

"Now two thousand dollars a year for ten years, saved in expenses which have not increased the happiness of his family one iota, would have given to Mr. Emory a large sum of money. With that in possession, I doubt if his face would be so pale and care-worn as you see it to-day. Visions of bankruptcy, of commercial dishonors, and of home desolations the bare thought of which almost drive men to madness, would not haunt his waking reveries and midnight dreams. I see no reasonable hope for a safe deliverance out of his troubles. As his expenses went on eating into the life of his business, and payments became, in consequence, hard to meet, Mr. Emory increased his trade by forced means, not always safe—buying more largely, and selling to a wider range of customers, with less of scruple in regard to their standing, until he found himself in deep waters, and in danger. Since that time I am afraid it is growing worse with him instead of better. There is only one remedy, if its application be not already too late."

"What?"

"It is said that a knowledge of our disease is more than half the cure. This means that in a removal of discovered causes effects must cease. Mr. Emory's only hope lies in a reduction of his home expenses. If these go on, exhausting him more and more, ruin is inevitable."

"It will be a hard thing for his gay daughters to step down from their advance position," said the wife.

"Better for them to step down than to fall down. Down I am sure they will have to come, and that before a very long time. We shall hardly find them here in the next watering season."

A young lady, unobserved by the speakers, had been sitting in a window recess close enough to hear every word. She leaned and listened in an attitude of deep interest, her face flushing and paling by turns.

"Isn't that one of Mr. Emory's daughters?" said the lady to her husband, as the person referred to arose and crossed the long parlor.

"I believe so," was answered.

"It can't be possible that she heard your remarks about her father?"

"They were not meant for her ears; but if they have found their way there, well. I can not say that I regret their utterance."

"I'm sorry," said the lady. "Poor girl! How hurt and mortified she must be."

"All of her pain and mortification will be light in comparison to what her father suffers daily and hourly," was replied. "If she have any true love for him, she will now seek to lighten rather than increase his burdens."

The person of whom they spoke, Mr. Emory's second daughter, after leaving the public parlor, fled up stairs like one escaping from pursuit. On gaining her own room, she shut and locked the door—then sat down with her hands across her breast, pale-cheeked and panting. The aspect of her countenance was that of one oppressed by sudden terror.

Agnes loved her father purely and tenderly. She had not failed to observe the cloud which was gradually settling upon his life, nor the pale, care-worn face that looked in upon their home at the close of each recurring day. As Mr. Emory never referred to his business in the family circle, the true cause of all this remained completely hidden. Not the remotest suspicion thereof had, up to this time, reached her apprehension. Suddenly a veil was drawn aside, and she stood in pain and fear, looking at the undisguised reality of her father's true position.

What could Agnes Emory do? Young, inexperienced, inefficient, through defective education, she felt her weakness, and for a time wept in conscious helplessness.

"Agnes!" It was her mother's voice.

The weeping girl endeavored to stanch her tears, but in vain. Her face was flooded as she opened the door.

"Why, Agnes, my child! what has happened?" said Mrs. Emory, in surprise.

Agnes tried to answer, but sobs came in place of words. At length, as the turbulence of feeling began to abate, she said, with tears still falling over her face,

"Won't you ask father to come here?"

"Yes, dear. But why not tell me about your trouble first?"

"I'll tell you all about it. Oh, ask him to come, mother; and bring Emma and Alice."

In a few minutes Mr. Emory came hurriedly to Agnes's room, followed by his wife and other daughters. Already Agnes had been able to dry her tears; but her face was colorless.

Tenderly, almost pityingly, she looked up at her father, and seizing one of his hands in both of hers, held it tightly against her breast, saying, as she did so,

"Oh, father, if we had only known what was troubling you!"

"Troubling me!" answered Mr. Emory, in astonishment, as he held Agnes a little away from him and gazed at her wonderingly.

"Yes, father, you've been troubled a long time. I've seen it, and we've all seen it. You come home and sit silent all the evening. You have grown pale and thin. You look often so care-worn. And instead of helping you, we have only laid heavier burdens on your shoulders."

"What *does* the girl mean!" exclaimed Mrs. Emory, in a half-reproving voice.

"Come, sit down, dear, we must have all this explained," said the father, leading Agnes to a chair, and taking one beside her. "You say that I've been troubled?"

"Isn't it so, father?" Agnes raised again her brimming eyes to her father's face.

"This is a world of trouble, my child, and all must take a share," he answered, evasively.

"Our share has been very light, and yours very heavy," was the prompt reply; "and now there must be a change. We must take off some of the burdens that weigh down your stooping shoulders. Oh, father! why did you not let us share them long and long ago? Did you doubt our willingness? did you question our love?"

"I am bewildered, my child," said Mr. Emory, his voice growing unsteady. "It is true that I am troubled—that my burdens are heavy; but from what source have you received information in regard to them? Speak out plainly, Agnes."

And she did speak plainly, relating, almost word for word, the conversation we have given.

"Is this all true, Edward?" said Mrs. Emory, as Agnes ceased speaking. Her voice was sad, but not weak. She had drawn near to her husband, and now stood with her hand resting firmly upon him.

"All true," was gloomily answered.

There fell upon the group of father, mother, and daughters a deep silence, in which heart-beatings were nearly audible.

"We have no right to be here," said the oldest daughter, breaking the silence. "Let us go home to-day."

"In the next hour, if a train starts," responded Agnes.

"Why did you let us come? Oh, father, it was so wrong—so wrong!"

And the youngest of the group laid her face down, weeping, on her father's shoulder.

"I meant to have spared you this," said the brave, enduring man, with an irrepressible emotion. "I trusted that all would come out right. I struggled hard to maintain myself, so that no shadow might darken my home. But I fear that all has been in vain. The weight lies too heavily upon me; and if not lightened in some way I must sink."

"You shall not sink, father, if we can bear you up," answered Agnes, bravely. "Let us go home to-day; and when we get home tell us every thing about your business, so that we can understand just what duty requires. I'm sure we will all be of one heart and mind. If we are living too expensively, let us go down lower and take a humbler position. With what I heard just now ringing in my ears, I shall not have a moment's peace of mind until we retire from the public gaze."

"We are of one mind," said all. And with one mind they acted, starting for the city on that very day.

The change that followed was thorough, reaching to every department of their home life. In a brave and self-denying spirit wife and daughters rallied to the rescue. Watches, jewelry, surplus furniture, pictures, and articles of simple ornament, were sold, and the money, which reached the sum of nearly two thousand dollars, returned to the business from which it should never have been taken. Their large and handsome dwelling was exchanged for a cheap and modest home. One servant only was retained—three had been required—and the cost of living, under a system of the most rigid economy, reduced from between three and four thousand dollars a year to a ratio of about twelve hundred.

A new hope sprung to life in the heart of Mr. Emory. The money received for the sale of surplus furniture and articles of mere ornament came to his hand just in time to save him from protest, and carried him over a difficult place where he would inevitably have fallen. He felt that his ship was lightened; that she was answering more steadily to the helm, and bearing up to the wind. "Courage!" he said to himself. "I shall yet come out safely."

If the home to which Mr. Emory returned after each day's hard battle was humbler, the face he brought was not so care-worn. A cheerful light shone oftener in the eyes that were always sad before. He did not sit silent and withdrawn from the home circle as once, brooding over the dark and doubtful future, but read and talked through the evening hours with his wife and children, giving and receiving strength. Had the daughters lost more than was gained by their withdrawal from gay circles, and denial of pride and social ambition? Had duty been all a burden? Not so: duty is never all a burden. If it be sometimes hard and rough, there is always a sweet kernel at the centre. They were, in their seclusion and patient service, happier than before, and growing into a stronger, purer, and truer life. As for Mr. Emory, an almost despairing struggle with fortune had been changed for a hopeful one. Confidence took the place of doubt. He began to feel, under the lighter burdens that rested upon him, a more elastic and vigorous condition of mind. He was clearer-seeing and more sagacious in business. There was a lifting up of the darkness along the black horizon, and a promise of the coming dawn.

"Father is very late to-night," said Agnes, looking up at her mother, who entered the room where she sat with some needle-work in her hands. It was the evening of New-Year's Day.

As she spoke, the father's well-known tread was heard in the passage.

"Oh, there he is now!" And Agnes laid aside her work, moving to meet her father as he ascended the stairs.

"How late you are!" she said, as she bent forward to receive the kiss that now almost always accompanied his return.

"It is late," replied Mr. Emory; "but I could not leave the store until I had completed some calculations I had in hand." His face was cheerful—more cheerful than it had yet been; radiant, in fact, with smiles.

"The work must have been satisfactory," said Mrs. Emory, "judging from the pleasant state of mind in which it has left you."

"It was satisfactory," replied Mr. Emory, with emphasis. "For two or three days we have been taking an account of stock, and to-day has been spent in closing the account and getting at the result. I am happy to say that it is more encouraging than was anticipated. Six months ago bankruptcy stared me in the face, and I saw no means of escape. Now I think the danger past. If I had been left standing alone, I must have fallen; but, wife and children sustaining me, strength came in the hour of exhaustion. All is safe now, I trust; safe for the present, and safe for the future. Our home is not so large nor so luxurious as it was on last New-Year's Day; but then it rested on a sandy foundation, and the storm was gathering, which, had it burst over us, would have left all in ruins. Now, solid earth and rock are beneath our house, and I do not shudder in fear of the rising tempest. Is it not far better with us than then? Are we not happier, though humbler?"

"Happier a thousand-fold!" said Agnes, as she drew an arm fondly around her father. "We speak of it to each other every day, and wonder at our former blindness and folly. To see smiles in the care-worn face of our father again—to hear him speak cheerfully and hopefully—to know that we have helped to lift burdens from his shoulders that were crushing him down—these are our rich reward!"

"And mine in having such children!" replied Mr. Emory, with feeling. "In every home, if rightly ordered, lie all the elements of happiness; and, thank God! we have found them at last. I was at fault in not taking you long ago into my counsels. How much of pain and peril might have been saved! But the night is past, and we bless the morning!"

And so might the morning break in thousands of homes over which shadows rest if wives and daughters were wholly trusted, and made to comprehend the real struggle with fortune in which husbands and fathers are engaged. Thousands of pale, care-worn faces would grow warm and cheerful; and thousands of stooping shoulders, lightened of crushing burdens, grow erect.

Wives and daughters, ponder these things! Husbands and fathers, take them into your counsels!

IN WESTERN MISSOURI.

I.

"I tell you what it is, John Elliot, you'd better clear out of this, and do it right smart too. I ha'n't goin' to have no dog-gauned Abolitionists sneakin' round after *my* daughter, 'specially when drest in *that* uniform. It war bad enough when you only talked Yankee; now you've got to actin' it right out it's time to quit. I don't want no quarrel with you, for the sake of old acquaintance; but you're bound not to come inside of this yere shanty agin with *my* good-will, let alone who says yes to it. And now you know my mind on the matter."

The speaker, an elderly man of large frame, with an expression of inflexible obstinacy in every lineament of his wrinkled and weather-worn countenance, stood at the threshold of his own farm-house, as if to bar entrance to the person addressed. This was a tall, good-looking young fellow of perhaps three-and-twenty, newly attired in the uniform of a captain of Illinois volunteers, who, with a flush of surprise and deprecation on his sun-burned face, looked wistfully over the old man's shoulder, as if in hope of some interposition in his favor, before replying.

"Why, Squire Jennifer," he said at length, "I'm only going to fight for our country."

"For the white-livered, blue-bellied Abolitionists, you mean, agin the South! Now I war raised in Arkansaw, though I've ben in Missouri most ever since it war a State, and I go for Southern Rights and Southern Institutions agin all the Yankees out of ——! You didn't want to be told that, John Elliot; why come h'yar to have me put it in hard words at you?"

"We always used to be friends—" the young man commenced. The elder interrupted him.

"We did," he said, "as long as you could keep down your onremittin' abolitionism; *that* I always went agin, and always will. But now you've come out flat-footed as a Linc'lnite and a soldier, we've got to part. I don't wish you no harm, an' I hope you'll live to know better and be sorry for what you done; but I shet right straight down upon it now, and so good-by!"

"Hold on!" cried young Elliot—for the farmer was closing the door upon him—"and listen to me. If you suppose for one minute, Squire, that I don't *know* I'm right, and that I shall repent my choice, whatever comes of it, you are mightily mistaken. It's no use talking about that—I'm one of Uncle Sam's fighting-boys, and proud of it. But before I join my regiment—I start by the 6 o'clock cars—I want to see Susie."

"What for?"

"I'll tell *her* that."

"I don't see the good of it. Whatever sparkin' you done (I were always opposed to it) had better end to wonst. You are no match for her, John, and you know it."

"I ain't so rich as Judge Jones, if you mean that; but he'll have to get more than *your* consent to have Suse for his wife."

"That's none of your business. The Judge is a good Southern Rights man, any how, and as sech I respect him. When the fightin' comes *he* won't be found alongside of —— Dutchmen and nigger-stealing Yankees, but right in front of them, and then, if you've any thing agin him, you can jest blaze away—he'll face the music, be sure of it!"

The look of contempt upon the volunteer's face implied doubt of this, and scorn of the person eulogized. However, he did not pursue the subject, returning to that from which he had digressed:

"You won't refuse me a word or two with your daughter, Squire?" he said, amicably; "we've known each other since we were boy and girl together, and I don't like to go without parting with Susie."

"There's no use in it, nohow! besides, she's not to home. She went up to Aunt Sally's this morning to stay a day or two—come in and see for yourself, if you don't believe me. What time did Suse and little Pete go off, Dinah?" This inquiry was addressed to an old negro woman bustling about in the interior.

"Seven o'clock, massa," she responded, turning her wrinkled, good-humored, black visage, surmounted by a gayly-colored, knotted handkerchief, in the direction of her owner—not without a peculiar glance at Captain Elliot, full of recognition and sympathy.

"Ten miles away!" he murmured. "I shouldn't have time to get there and back, let alone stopping. Well, Squire, if you'll tell her I wished to say good-by, I'll be obliged to you. And good-by yourself!" Saying which he offered his hand. Paul Jennifer hesitated a little and then took it.

"For old acquaintance' sake," said he, returning the grasp, though with qualified cordiality. "But I can't wish you as well as I'd like to, for you're dead on the wrong side, and I don't want that to win, nohow. Good-by!"

"Good-by, then!" And so they parted; the volunteer turning his back on the homestead in which he had spent some of the happiest hours of his life by the side of pretty Susie Jennifer. Musing on her many perfections, and chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, he had walked at least a quarter of a mile when he was hailed from behind, and, turning, beheld the old negro woman.

"Bress de Lord! how fas' you *do* walk, Massa John!" she said, panting with the exertion of overtaking him; "didn't you see ole Dinah makin' sign at you all de time you was a talkin' wid the Squire? I'se got something for you from Miss Susie."

"Yes?" And the young volunteer poured forth

his thanks, watching with all the eager impatience of newly-raised expectation the search for a letter amidst the miscellaneous contents of the capacious pocket of Dinah. It was discovered at last and handed to him.

Very short were its contents, and presumably sweet—for their perusal brought an expression of tenderness and gratification into the manly countenance of John Elliot pleasant to see, while the ebony physiognomy of his humble friend fairly rippled into laughter from combined triumph and sympathy.

"Miss Susie go to her Aunt Sally's, to be sure," chuckled Dinah, "because ole massa make her. But he say nothing agin her stoppin' in at de town, by de way, at the dress-maker's—and dere you find her sure enough." And the speaker's fat sides shook with delight and merriment.

Hastily reiterating his thanks, and adding to them a piece of money, Captain Elliot was about to hurry onward when the old negress's face grew serious, and she laid her hand upon his arm.

"You gwine to fight for de Stars and Stripes and Massa Lincoln, ben't you, Cap'n Elliot?" she demanded, with great earnestness.

"Yes, Aunty! What of it?"

"De good Lord in hebben bress both you and him! dat's all. Nebber doubt you're in de right and dat He *will* bress you. And now I mus' just run back, or de ole massa 'll be s'pecting something."

II.

"THEY'RE all Abolitionists at the North, Squire; they suck it in at the breast; I've lived among 'em and know it. There's no reasoning with a Northern man on the subject; he *can't* reason on it; he never gets beyond asking you whether a nigger ain't a human being! They won't fight either; they've no fight in 'em, and you can't insult 'em into it—you are not going to leave us, Miss Susie?"

"My mother was a Northern woman, Mr. Jones, and I won't stay to hear her memory insulted!"

"No offense! no offense!"

And "Stay, gal, stay!" added Susie Jennifer's father. But she, not displeased at the chance of escaping from a person and conversation altogether disagreeable to her, gathered up her knitting, and relinquished the society of her father and his guest for the more congenial company of old Dinah.

"You've scared her off now," said Paul Jennifer, "talkin' like that. I ought to have telled you her mother came from down East—she's mighty techy on any thin' agin the Yankees in consequence."

"I didn't know," apologized Jones. He was a little man, pursy, loquacious, and self-important, with a sharp nose and a peculiar expression of the left eye—partly wall, partly strabismus. A shrewd lawyer of the coarser Western stamp, a thorough Missourian in language and habits as well as in political views, congeniality of opinion secured him the favor of Jennifer, while his comparative wealth seemed to recommend him as a desirable son-in-law.

"Gals is skeary things," the old farmer continued, with a laugh; "it's like cats with them, if you rub the wrong way of the fur you are like to git scratched. What's the news, Judge, up to the Corners?"

Jones enumerated the current rumors of the time and locality, the stories of bridge-burning, tearing up of railroads, pillage and skirmishing characterizing the war in Missouri, relating them in the bitterest partisan spirit, accompanied with many objurgations of the Unionists, to all of which Jennifer listened attentively.

"There was some talk of an Illinoy regiment being ordered here, to attack the boys down to ——," naming a locality some miles to the South, in which a considerable body of secessionists was known to be encamped; "but I don't make no 'count of it. I reckon they'd find this part of the country too hot to hold 'em, and that's a fact!" concluded Jones.

"What shall you do if they *do* come, Judge?"

"Turn out and help whip 'em, by ——!" said the little man, fiercely. "I wanted to raise a company—me to be captain—I'm good for five hundred dollars toward it, any day—but they're kinder half-hearted about it, Squire, up to the Corners—mighty few of 'em like you and me! If there's one thing under heaven that I do hate and despise, it's a fellow as won't stand up like a man and fight for his principles."

Jennifer gazed approvingly at him. "You air a right spunky man, Judge, there's no denyin'!" he answered. "Suppose we take a drink?"

To this proposal his companion (who had never refused an invitation of the kind in his life) at once assented, and took not only one, but two, three, and four successive draughts of the fiery corn-whisky set before him, his denunciations of the Yankees and enthusiasm on behalf of the South increasing with his potations. The next half hour's conversation that ensued between him and his host may be very well spared the reader; it was terminated by a sudden clamor of voices without, by the opening of the door, and the irruption of one white and two black faces into the apartment, the first appertaining to Susie Jennifer, the second and third to old Dinah and her grandson, incidentally alluded to heretofore as "little Pete." The boy—he might be considered as entitled to that appellation in a Northern as well as a Southern sense, being a bright, woolly-haired mulatto of about fifteen, rather dwarfish in stature—was plentifully bespattered with Missouri mud, and held a broken whip in his hands, as if he had recently dismounted from horseback. His yellow countenance indicated considerable excitement, already mirrored in the faces of those to whom he had imparted his news.

"What's the matter, boy?" demanded old Jennifer, hastily.

"De sojers, massa! de sojers!" was the boy's answer; "dey's comin' here right away!"

"What soldiers?" inquired Jones, rising and finishing the contents of his tumbler.

"De Yankees, Sar! Ebbery body say so. I was down to Atchison's about de ole mar', an' de people all scared dar out ob dar wits, 'spectin' 'em come right along all de time. Dey bin burnin' houses and killing folks at ——. Young Mass' Daniel he tell me ride on smart and tell Massa, if he want to shet up de house and clear out."

"Clear out!" repeated Paul Jennifer, surlily. "I shall jes' stay an' take my chance; and so, I reckon, will the rest of you. Let 'em come as soon as they like; onless they want to shoot folks for their opinions, it'll only make it bad for the hogs and hen-roosts. I ha'n't ben out agin 'em, though I hate 'em worse than pison. Judge, I wish that company you was talkin' of had ben raised—we'd have give them something worth coming for."

"Yes, by ——!" replied Jones, though with less alacrity than might have been looked for, considering his recently-expressed belligerent inclinations. Turning to the boy, he questioned him minutely as to his recent news, eliciting, however, nothing more definite than that already related; the rumor of the approach of a body of Union soldiers, and of atrocities ascribed to them, to the apprehension of a neighborhood which, if not openly inimical to the Government, was yet tainted with the political heresy of secession.

"Will you stop with us, Judge?" asked Jennifer. "I reckon you'd better; you are pretty well known, and might meet some of 'em whar you'd have nobody to stand by you."

"Thank you, no," Jones replied, hurriedly, walking up and down; "I must start right away for town. I've got documents that must be put out of reach in case the Yankees git there—you understand. Pete! my horse, and be quick about him." And, not content with urging th[illegible], the Judge bustled after with a celerity ind[illegible]ive of such an earnest desire to hasten his own departure that Susie Jennifer smiled scornfully, old Dinah grinned, and her master might have formed some unfavorable opinion of his guest's courage—possibly uttered it—if his attention had not just then been demanded by his daughter.

"We shall be quite safe, father," the girl said, quietly, bending her good, full, gray eyes upon his, and leaning upon his shoulder, "because—you won't be angry now?"

"What is it, gal?"

"Look here!" Coloring a little, she drew a scrap of paper from her bosom, containing a few lines of writing, and gave it to him.

"Read it for me; I ain't good at sech," he replied.

"It's a protection, certifying that—that the holders of it are—not enemies to the Government; signed by General ——," she faltered.

The old farmer deliberately tore it into pieces and threw them into the fire. "I won't have none of it," said he, "nor be any ways beholden to 'em, if they burn the house down over our heads, or don't leave a stick of it standing—what's that now?" This inquiry was caused by the galloping past the house of two or three riders, white and black, evidently animated by similar news to that which had reached Jennifer's dwelling. He had not time to comment upon it before a fresh clattering of hoofs and a hasty "Good-by," halloed from Judge Jones's saddle, informed him that that ardent secessionist had effected his departure.

"Go your ways, Judge!" the old man half-soliloquized. "I don't like to think you're scared, and them papers *may* be of sech importance as to 'count for it; but I wish you hadn't gone off at such a Bull Run stampede for all that—it looks bad!" And then, taking down his gun, he carefully loaded and put it by. "For there's no knowing what's going to happen!" said he, lighting a pipe and looking out in the direction in which the Union soldiers were expected to appear.

III.

ANOTHER half-hour brought other stragglers, and with them an unexpected and important emendation in the news received. The approaching troops were not Illinoians and Federal soldiers, but a roving band of native Missouri rebels, from the encampment to the South previously alluded to, bound on a half-predatory, half-martial incursion, with some reference to the expected Illinois soldiers, but more to the pigs and poultry of the vicinity. Little Pete had only too faithfully reported one of the errors incidental to the time. Old Jennifer laughed loud and long when he heard the correction.

"The Judge has fairly run away from our own boys!" said he; "let 'em come along! they shall be welcome!" And entering the house he communicated the news to his daughter and to Dinah, neither of whom received it with any particular expression of satisfaction.

The day drew on; the shadows of evening fell over the monotonous prairie landscape; other stragglers passed, bringing later intelligence, presently of an unsatisfactory, not to say startling character.

"The boys," said a lean farmer, worn to skin and bone by fever and ague, as he checked his wagon, at Jennifer's hail and inquiry, affording his gaunt oxen a welcome rest, "were behaving very badly—raising Cain promiscuous," he had heard. They had gutted a tavern down to ——, and afterward set fire to it; it was said the landlord was killed. He hoped they wouldn't be coming up thereaway, leastways before morning, when he and his old woman would have the shanty shut up and the stock out of the way. Didn't Squire Jennifer intend taking the same precaution?

"Well, no," that person responded, though with some degree of uneasiness. "My politics is pretty well known, and I don't suppose the boys will harm an Arkansaw man and a straight-out secessionist?"

The lean farmer shook his head dubiously. "It's risky, Squire," said he; "and I wouldn't give 'em no chance if I was you." And starting his tired cattle into as brisk a pace as they could accomplish, both he and his team disappeared in the fast-gathering darkness.

Susie Jennifer's father bestowed a certain amount of consideration upon the warning, but buoyed himself up with the hope that his nativity and political proclivities would secure his household from outrage. His uneasiness increased, however, and amounted to positive alarm when he beheld, in the direction of a neighboring farm-house, at about six miles distance, a ruddy flame, ominously suggestive of a conflagration.

"I can't stand this no longer, Suse," he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and looking out into the night. "That's Jess Pate's house a blazing sure, and he as good a Southern Rights man as any in Missouri. I'm goin' to saddle the gray, an' ride down to see about it. Do you shet up every thing, and lie low and keep close till I come back."

"I'd rather have you stop, father." The girl put her arms about him, old Dinah's wistful glance seconding her entreaty.

"Don't go, massa," the negress said, earnestly; "dey's all drunk dar, sure; an' when de debbil want any *berry* wicked work done he always rosin up wid whisky. S'posin' dey kill you, what become of Miss Susie now?"

The farmer started and shuddered. "I can't think *that* of 'em," he muttered; "but—but ought I to risk it? I couldn't keep 'em out of this old shanty for ten minutes, I know, if they were minded to git in—only put fire to it, and it'd blaze like pine shingles. Pete! hitch up the horses—both of 'em—to the big wagon, and do it right smart, d'ye hear? Suse, git together what things you want—I'm goin' to tote the hull of ye down to Hutchison's."

Very few words sufficed to explain his intentions. Conscious of the danger which another hour might bring to them, and willing enough to escape it by what they supposed would prove a mere temporary change of residence, Paul Jennifer's household bestirred themselves so briskly that within fifteen minutes they were all safely bestowed in the "big wagon"—a capacious vehicle with an awning to it—together with as many lighter and more valuable articles of furniture as could be therein accommodated. Then the head of the family, having, with Pete's assistance, turned the cattle loose and drove them off (preferring the chance of loss to their almost certain slaughter by the rebels), mounted to the front of the wagon to begin a night journey of over twelve miles across the open prairie.

It was at first very dark and silent, for the moon did not rise till full two hours later, and only a faint, gusty sigh of wind swept over the dull, treeless landscape, in harmony with and adding to the melancholy of the scene. Three months would convert it into a sea of grass, decked with innumerable flowers of every color, and alive with the buzz and hum of insects, as variegated in hue and no less delicate in form; but it is at present the dreariest month in the year, and the prairie, in its February aspect, appears a waste of mud. The wagon-wheels sink into it, the horses' hoofs plash, and only by pursuing certain paths well known to the driver is progress rendered possible.

He says but little, the journey, and his own bitter thoughts respecting its necessity, engrossing his attention. His daughter, watched by the solicitous eyes of Dinah, is near him. Little Pete, having chattered a while and been duly chidden by his grandmother, is curled up on the floor of the wagon and fast asleep. And so they ride over the muddy prairie through the night.

They have journeyed perhaps five miles, when the wagon-wheels stick in a deeper rut than ordinary, necessitating the descent of Jennifer and the arousing of the negro boy to effect their dislodgment. What blanches the old man's cheek as his eye turns toward the direction from which they are retreating? what provokes a cry of surprise from Pete? Not the distant reflection of the burning homestead of their luckless neighbor—*that* has smouldered away full half an hour ago, leaving only a red, angry glare in the sky on the horizon; *this* bright, light flame is nearer by full six miles. It is Jennifer's farm-house on fire.

The farmer gazes a while with set teeth and a savage brow, helps the vehicle out of the slough; ascends to his seat, and continues the journey without a word. Presently his daughter's hand touches his sleeve. She has witnessed the conflagration from the wagon, in company with the sympathizing Dinah.

"*We* are here, father, she says simply. He bends forward and kisses her on the forehead, and they fall into earnest conversation. The bitter lesson involved in finding himself flying, a fugitive and homeless wanderer, from those whose treason he had virtually abetted has its influence, strengthened by the pleadings of a dearly-loved daughter, to whom affection, combined with the recollection of her dead mother, has already taught loyalty. After an hour's talk Jennifer again kisses his daughter, saying,

"Well, gal, perhaps you are right and I'm wrong, after all. I *was* hard with John, I grant; and, please God, won't stand between you any more. Now lie down and try to have a sleep."

She obeys him, or seems to do so, praying, in heart-felt thankfulness, both for him and her absent lover. And in due time the motion of the vehicle, the creaking and straining of the harness, the sensation of being warmly wrapped up within, the consciousness of the raw, dank night without, induces slumber, complete and overpowering.

She slept she knew not how long, to be aroused by her father, who, with a new accent of surprise and apprehension in his voice, bids her look forth and tell him what she sees. Dinah, already awake, but incapable, from dimness of vision, of adding to the powers of observation of the party, is watching her master's countenance in agitation and alarm.

"There, gal, what do you see there?" inquires Jennifer, pointing toward the west, where the moon is just rising.

Something dark, indistinct, and distant, upon the road they are traveling; something moving and coming toward them. A body of men, progressing steadily forward. A company of marching soldiers.

"If they turn out as bad as those we've left behind we're in a pretty fix," said Jennifer, bitterly, when the identity of the coming object had been determined upon; "what should sojers do here, I wonder?"

"They may be Union men, father," suggested Susie, with a beating heart.

"I hope they are," returned her father, savagely, "and bound to chop the infernal villains that have burned us out of house and home into mince-meat. However, we'll soon know for certain; we can't avoid meeting 'em." And, half in desperation, half in impatience, he gave the horses a cut with his whip, urging them forward with voice and gesture.

Fifteen minutes of such dire suspense as those intervening between themselves and the marching soldiers had never before agitated the breasts of the little party. They meet at last, and Susie Jennifer, with a scream of joy, recognizes at their head, as captain, her lover, John Elliot.

A very brief explanation accounts for its appearance and that of his command. Ordered to that part of the country, as rumored in the afternoon gossip of Judge Jones, in pursuance of a general plan to attack the secessionist camp alluded to. The reports of the outrages committed by the rebels had incited John Elliot's apprehensions for the safety of the Jennifer household, and stimulated a forced nocturnal march to their rescue. Their thanks and the mutual felicitations which followed need not be chronicled. Detailing a few men to escort the party to their proposed destination, Elliot expressed his determination of continuing his march for the purpose of punishing the incendiaries. It was with some difficulty that the injured farmer was dissuaded from accompanying him.

"I'll avenge you, Squire; be sure of it," said the Captain. "They don't expect us, and will be used up with the devil's work they've been after. By-the-way, we took a prisoner up near the Corners whom I think you're interested in."

"Who's that?"

"Judge Jones. He was hiding in a loft for fear of Unionists; but he mistook our boys for Secesh—the uniform is not unlike—and came out and bragged of his fondness for 'em, and his devotion to the South. If you had seen how white he turned, and how he tried first to beg and then to bribe himself off when he found himself under arrest, I think you'd have altered your opinion of his courage."

"I have already, John, and some others into the bargain. Whip those —— scoundrels; come back safe and sound; and you shall be my son-in-law just as soon as you and Susie can agree upon it."

The grasp of the hand he received in response—the love-light that shone in John Elliot's eyes at parting with the person immediately referred to—the words with which he soothed her apprehensions for his sake—were eloquent of hope and thankfulness. He then gave the order for marching—to claim on the morrow the fulfillment of the promise. There is now in Western Missouri no braver officer than Colonel Elliot; no more loyal citizen than Paul Jennifer.

DOWN BEYOND THE SAW-MILL.

"WHITHER going, Daisy Allen?
Where away with gipsy hat
Slung across the ringlets' ripple?"
Tying down the saucy flat,
Touching lightly faithful Bruno,
Daisy turned her pretty head:
"Going down beyond the saw-mill,"
Thus the little maiden said.

"Gentians pale are always blooming
Just beyond the water-wheel,
And the wild rose where the water
At the fall begins to reel:
In the brook are snowy pebbles,
And they shine like flakes of snow,
While the whirring of the saw-mill
Seems to haste the water's flow."

* * * * * *

"Whither going, Daisy Allen,
Now the sun is in the west,
And his golden light but lingers
On the distant mountain's crest?"
Why did Daisy's accents falter,
And her cheek grow ashy white,
Saying, "Just beyond the saw-mill,"
With an eye so strangely bright?

Ah! no blossom pale she gathers,
No flower wet with falling spray,
From the brook no shining pebble
Seeks the wandering girl to-day:
Words so soft and strangely winning,
Making wrong appear the right,
Whispered one beyond the saw-mill—
"Father—mother—home—good-night!"

* * * * * *

An old man, pale, and wan, and weary,
Walked in sunset's fading light;
If any asked why thus he wandered,
Quick he speaks—"'Tis almost night,
And I'm looking for my darling
Daisy, lost so long ago!
I shall find her by the saw-mill,
Where she loved so well to go."

Gentians pale are blooming yonder,
And the rose-leaves flutter down—
Down on something white and ghastly,
Golden tresses wet to brown:
Pale lips that can tell no story,
But there needs no tale to tell,
In the shadow of the saw-mill
Daisy Allen sleepeth well.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FOSTER.—[SEE PAGE 155.]

CAPTAIN W. D. PORTER, OF THE "ESSEX."—[SKETCHED BY MR. BILL D. TRAVIS.]

THE UNION EXPEDITION UP THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

ON this page we illustrate the WELCOME of the Union men in Tennessee and Alabama to the gun-boats which ascended the Tennessee River, after the fight at Fort Henry. The dispatch to the Associated Press said:

After the capture of Fort Henry, the *Lexington*, *Conestoga*, and *Tyler* gave chase to the rebel steamer *Dunbar*, and on reaching the Memphis and Louisville Railroad bridge set fire to a portion of it, and captured some stores, etc. They then passed on in chase of the *Dunbar*, but did not overtake her. It is supposed that she escaped by running up some creek.

During the night the gun-boats went to Florence, Alabama, the head of navigation, and two hundred and fifty miles from Paducah. Every where along the river they were received with astonishing welcome by numerous Union families in Southern Tennessee and Northern Alabama, and at the towns along the river the old flag was looked upon as a redeemer, and hailed with loud shouts of joy.—The people of Florence are so delighted at finding the Stars and Stripes once more giving protection to them that they were prepared to give a grand ball to the officers of the gun-boats, but the latter could not remain to accept their courtesies.

Wherever our boats landed, and the people became assured that we did not come to destroy, but to save, they seemed to have no means too extravagant to express their delight and joy.

Old men cried like children at the sight of the Stars and Stripes, and invited the officers and men of the gun-boats to their houses, and told them all they had was at their disposal. Large numbers were anxious to enlist under the old flag, and the *Tyler* brought down two hundred and fifty men to fill up the gun-boats' crews.

Our officers were assured that if they would wait a few days whole regiments could be raised, and if the Government would give them arms to defend themselves they could bring Tennessee back into the Union in a few months.

They said that when the secession ordinance was passed armed men stood at the polls, and every thing went as certain politicians said.

At Savannah, Eastport, and Florence the officers and men of our gun-boats went ashore without arms, and mingled freely with the people.

The Union men along the river comprise the wealthy and best portion of the inhabitants, large numbers of whom have American flags.

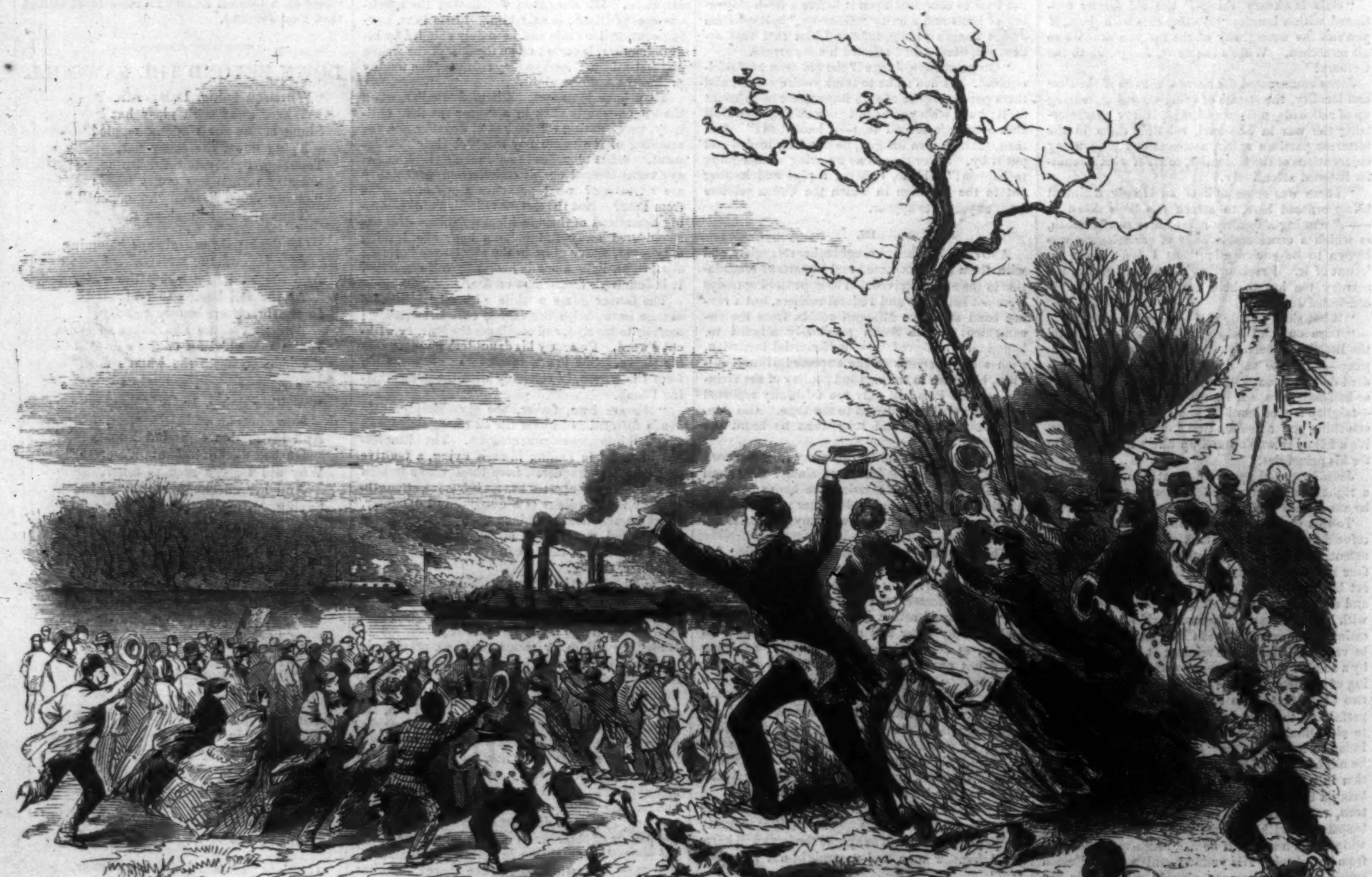
Not a gun was fired either going or coming.

CAPTAIN PORTER.

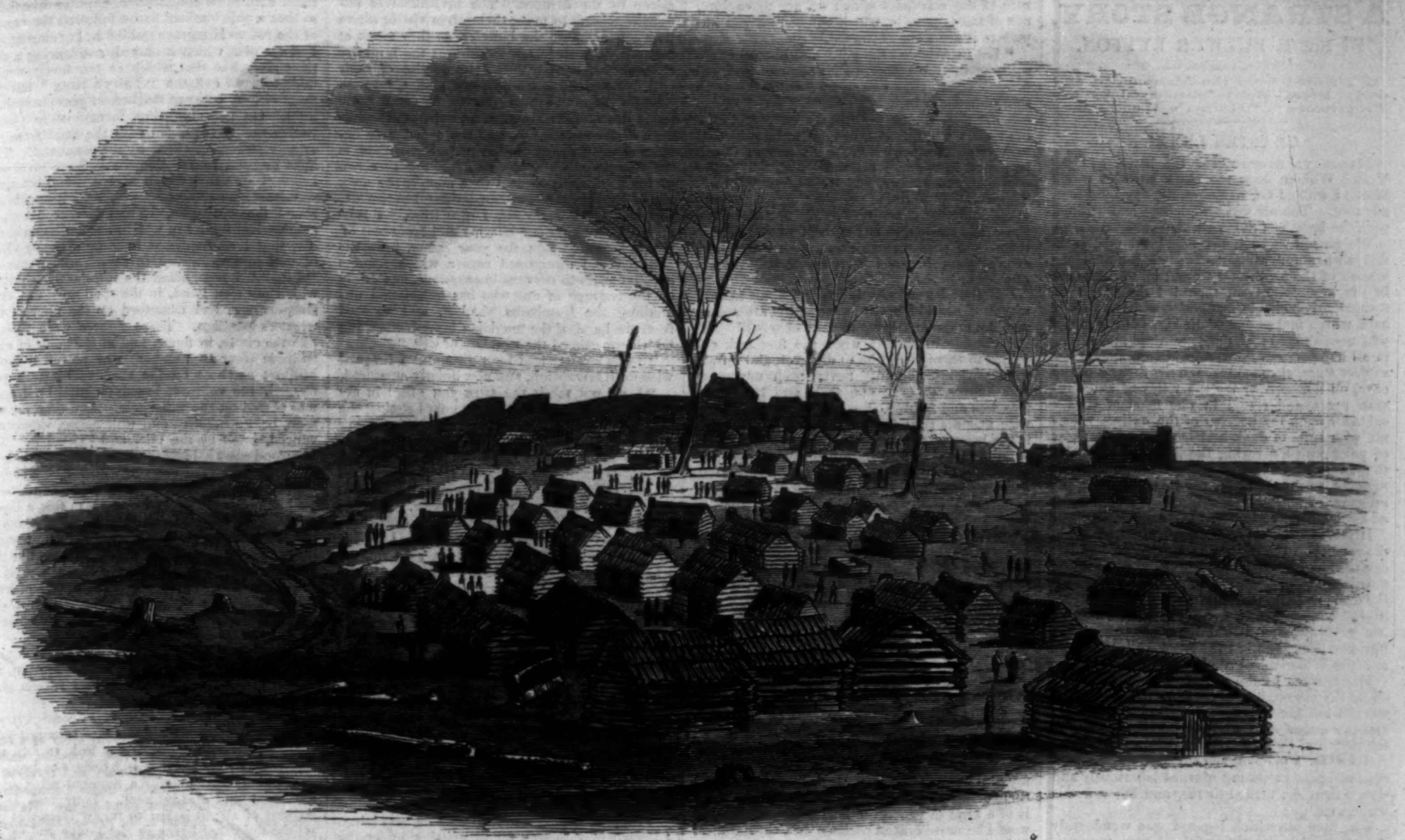
WE publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. Bill D. Travis, a portrait of CAPTAIN W. D. PORTER, of the gun-boat *Essex*, who distinguished himself at the battle of Fort Henry, and was scalded by the explosion of a boiler on board the *Essex*.

Captain Porter is a Louisianian by birth. His father was the famous Commodore Porter, of the *Essex*, whose fame shines brightly in our naval annals. In 1823 the son entered the navy as a boy on board the United States ship *Franklin*, under command of Commodore Stewart, and received a fine naval military education, under Commodores Hull, Chauncey, Patterson, and Rodgers. He projected and is the founder of the present light-house system; was through the whole Mexican war, where he did noble service; in 1855 was placed on a retired list by a secret Navy Board; four years after was restored to his rank as commander by President Buchanan; was then appointed to the command of the United States ship *St. Marys*, and did important service in Northern Mexico.

On the outbreak of the rebellion he was ordered home from the Pacific; and though he had property in Virginia, which has been confiscated, and all his family save his youngest daughter were in the rebel cause, still he proved faithful to the no-



UNION SOUTHERN MEN WELCOMING OUR GUN-BOATS IN ALABAMA.



CAMP OF FOURTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT, NEAR SOMERSET, KY., LATELY OCCUPIED BY SEVENTEENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT (REBEL).—[Sketched by Mr. Oscar D. Kress.]

ble old Government, in the service of which his father spent his life. Laying aside all personal considerations, he tendered his aid in putting down the rebellion, and was assigned to a boat which has beer built chiefly under his superintendence. He christened it, after his father's ship, the *Essex*. At the battle of Fort Henry Captain Porter ran up within one hundred and fifty yards of the fort, and fought with daring and effect until he was scalded by the fatal ball which entered at one of the bow-ports, passing through the boiler. He was blown out of the same port, and would have been lost but for the heroic daring of a seaman, John Walker, who rushed through the scalding steam after him, and caught him just as he was going overboard, and carried him aft along the outer-guard, a space just nine inches in width. Of this act the Captain speaks in the most grateful terms.

The Captain had the presence of mind to close his mouth and eyes, so that his scald is not serious. He is under the very tender and efficient care of Surgeon Thomas Rice, who proved his skill by the manner in which he attended the wounded on board the *Essex* after and during the battle.

It is hoped that the Captain's face will not be disfigured. He says he went into the fight with high colors, and though disabled, the stars and stripes still waved as he floated back.

GENERAL MITCHELL'S DIVISION CROSSING GREEN RIVER, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 10, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 130.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

MARGRAVE now entered the litter, and the Veiled Woman drew the black curtains round him. I walked on, as the guide, some yards in advance. The air was still, heavy, and parched with the breath of the Australasian sirocco.

We passed through the meadow-lands, studded with slumbering flocks; we followed the branch of the creek that wound up to its source in the mountains; we threaded the gloom of stunted, misshapen trees, gnarled with the stringy bark which makes one of the signs of the strata that nourish gold; and at length the moon, now in all her pomp of light, mid-heaven among her subject stars, gleamed through the fissures of the cave, on whose floor lay the relics of antediluvian races, and rested in one flood of silvery splendor upon the hollows of the extinct volcano, with tufts of dank herbage and wide spaces of paler sward covering the gold below—Gold, the dumb symbol of organized Matter's great mystery, storing in itself, according as Mind, the informer of Matter, can distinguish its uses, evil and good, bane and blessing.

Hitherto the Veiled Woman had remained in the rear, with the white-robed, skeleton-like image that had crept to my side unawares, with its noiseless step. Thus, in each winding turn of the difficult path at which the convoy, following behind me, came into sight, I had seen first the two gayly-dressed armed men, next the black bier-like litter, and last the Black-veiled Woman and the White-robed Skeleton.

But now, as I halted on the table-land, backed by the mountain and fronting the valley, the woman left her companion, passed by the litter and the armed men, and paused by my side, at the mouth of the moonlit cavern.

There for a moment she stood, silent, the procession below mounting upward laboriously and slow; then she turned to me, and her veil was withdrawn.

The face on which I gazed was wondrously beautiful, and severely awful. There was neither youth nor age—a beauty mature and majestic as that of a marble Demeter.

"Do you believe in that which you seek?" she asked, in her foreign, melodious, melancholy accents.

"I have no belief," was my answer. "True science has none. True science questions all things, takes nothing upon credit. It knows but three states of mind—Denial, Conviction, and that vast interval between the two, which is not belief, but suspense of judgment."

The woman let fall her veil, moved from me, and seated herself on a crag above that cleft between mountain and creek, to which, when I had first discovered the gold with which the land teemed, the rain from the clouds had given the rushing life of the cataract, but which now, in the drought and the hush of the skies, was but a dead pile of stones.

The litter now ascended the height; its bearers halted; a lean hand tore the curtains aside, and Margrave descended, leaning, this time, not on the black-veiled woman, but on the white-robed skeleton.

There, as he stood, the moon shone full on his wasted form; on his face, resolute, cheerful, and proud, despite its hollowed outlines and sicklied hues. He raised his head, spoke in the language unknown to me, and the armed men and the litter-bearers grouped round him, bending low, their eyes fixed on the ground. The Veiled Woman rose slowly and came to his side, motioning away with a mute sign the ghastly form on which he leaned, and passing round him silently instead her own sustaining arm. Margrave spoke again a few sentences, of which I could not even guess the meaning. When he had concluded, the armed men and the litter-bearers came nearer to his feet, knelt down, and kissed his hand. They then rose, and took from the bier-like vehicle the coffer and the fuel. This done, they lifted again the litter, and again, preceded by the armed men, the procession descended down the sloping hill-side, down into the valley below.

Margrave now whispered for some moments into the ear of the hideous creature who had made way for the Veiled Woman. The grim skeleton bowed his head submissively, and strode noiselessly away through the long grasses; the slender stems, trampled under his stealthy feet, relifting themselves, as after a passing wind. And thus he too sank out of sight down into the valley below. On the table-land of the hill remained only we three—Margrave, myself, and the Veiled Woman.

She had reseated herself apart, on the gray crag above the dried torrent. He stood at the entrance of the cavern, round the sides of which clustered parasital plants, with flowers of all colors, some among them opening their petals and exhaling their fragrance only in the hours of night; so that, as his form filled up the jaws of the dull arch, obscuring the moonbeam that strove to pierce the shadows that slept within, it stood now—wan and blighted—as I had seen it first, radiant and joyous, "literally framed in blooms."

CHAPTER LXXXII.

"So," said Margrave, turning to me, "under the soil that spreads around us lies the gold, which to you and to me is at this moment of no value, except as a guide to its twin-born—the regenerator of life!"

"You have not yet described to me the nature of the substance which we are to explore, nor of the process by which the virtues you impute to it are to be extracted."

"Let us first find the gold, and instead of describing the life-amber, so let me call it, I will point it out to your own eyes. As to the process, your share in it is so simple, that you will ask me why I seek aid from a chemist. The life-amber, when found, has but to be subjected to heat and fermentation for six hours; it will be placed in a small caldron which that coffer contains, over the fire which that fuel will feed. To give effect to the process, certain alkalis and other ingredients are required. But these are prepared, and mine is the task to commingle them. Of your science as chemist I need and ask naught. In you I have sought only the aid of a Man."

"If that be so, why indeed seek me at all? why not confide in those swarthy attendants who doubtless are slaves to your orders?"

"Confide in slaves! when the first task enjoined to them would be to discover, and refrain from purloining, gold. Seven such unscrupulous knaves, or even one such, and I thus defenseless and feeble! Such is not the work that wise masters confide to fierce slaves. But that is the least of the reasons which exclude them from my choice, and fix my choice of assistant on you. Do you forget what I told you of the danger which the Dervish declared no bribe I could offer could tempt him a second time to brave?"

"I remember now; those words had passed away from my mind."

"And because they had passed away from your mind, I chose you for my comrade. I need a man by whom danger is scorned."

"But in the process of which you tell me I see no possible danger, unless the ingredients you mix in your caldron have poisonous fumes."

"It is not that. The ingredients I use are not poisons."

"What other danger, except you dread your own Eastern slaves? But if so, why lead them to these solitudes? and if so, why not bid me be armed?"

"The Eastern slaves have, ere now, fulfilled my commands; they wait for my summons where their eyes can not see what we do. The danger is of a kind in which the boldest son of the East would be more craven perhaps than the daintiest Sybarite of Europe, who would shrink from a panther and laugh at a ghost. In the creed of the Dervish, and of all who adventure into that realm of nature which is closed to philosophy and open to magic, there are races in the magnitude of space unseen as animalcules in the world of a drop. For the tribes of the drop science has its microscope. Of the hosts of yon azure Infinite magic gains sight, and with them gains, by commune, command over fluid conductors that link all the parts of creation. Of these races some are wholly indifferent to man, some benign to him, and some dreadly hostile. In all the regular and prescribed conditions of mortal being this magic realm seems as blank and tenantless as yon vacant air. But when a seeker of powers beyond the rude functions by which man plies the clock-work, that measures his hours and stops when its chain reaches the end of its coil, strives to pass over those boundaries at which philosophy says, 'Knowledge ends,' then he is like all other travelers in regions unknown; he must propitiate or brave the tribes that are hostile, must depend for his life on the tribes that are friendly. Though your science discredits the alchemist's dogmas, your learning informs you that all alchemists were not ignorant impostors; yet those whose discoveries prove them to have been the nearest allies to your practical knowledge ever hint in their mystical works at the reality of that realm which is open to magic—ever hint that some means less familiar than furnace and bellows are essential to him who explores the elixir of life. He who once quaffs that elixir obtains in his very veins the bright fluid by which he transmits the force of his will to agencies dormant in nature, to giants unseen in the space. And here, as he passes the boundary which divides his allotted and normal mortality from the regions and races that magic alone can explore, so here he breaks down the safeguard between himself and the tribes that are hostile. It is not ever thus between man and man. Let a race, the most gentle and timid and civilized, dwell on one side a river or mountain, and another have home in the region beyond, each, if it pass not the barrier between them, may with each live in peace. But if ambitious adventurers scale the mountain, or cross the river, with design to subdue and enslave the populations they boldly invade, then all the invaded arise in wrath and defiance—the neighbors are changed into foes. And, therefore, this process, by which a simple though rare material of nature is made to yield to a mortal the boon of a life which brings with its glorious resistance to Time desires and faculties to subject to its service beings that dwell in the earth, and the air, and the deep, has ever been one of the same peril which an invader must brave when he crosses the bounds of his nation. By this key alone you unlock all the cells of the alchemist's lore; by this alone understand how a labor, which a chemist's crudest apprentice could perform, has baffled the giant fathers of all your dwarfed children of science. Nature, that stores this priceless boon, seems to shrink from conceding it to man—the invisible tribes that abhor him oppose themselves to the gain that might give them a master. The duller of those, who were the life-seekers of old, would have told you some chance, the most trivial, unlooked for, foiled their grand hope at the very point of fruition; some doltish mistake, some improvident oversight; a defect in the sulphur, a wild overflow in the quicksilver, or a flaw in the bellows, or a pupil, who had but to replenish the fuel, fell asleep by the furnace. The invisible foes seldom vouchsafe to make themselves visible where they can frustrate the bungler, as they mock at his toils from their ambush. But the mightier adventurers, equally foiled in despite of their patience and skill, would have said, 'Not with us rests the fault; we neglected no caution, we failed from no oversight. But out from the caldron dread faces arose, and the spectres or demons dismayed and baffled us.' Such, then, is the danger which seems so appalling to a son of the East, as it seemed to a seer in the dark age of Europe. But we can deride all its threats, you and I. For myself, I own frankly I take all the safety that the charms and resources of magic bestow. You, for your safety, have the cultured and disciplined reason which reduces all phantasies to nervous impressions, and I rely on the courage of one who has questioned unquailing the Luminous Shadow, and wrested from the hand of the magician himself the wand which concentred the wonders of will!"

To this strange and long discourse I listened without interruption, and now quietly answered,

"I do not merit the trust you affect in my courage; but I am now on my guard against the cheats of the fancy, and the fumes of a vapor can scarcely bewilder the brain in the open air of this mountain-land. I believe in no races like those which you tell me lie viewless in space, as do gases. I believe not in magic; I ask not its aids, and I dread not its terrors. For the rest I am confident of one mournful courage—the courage that comes from despair. I submit to your guidance, whatever it be, as a sufferer whom colleges doom to the grave submits to the quack, who says, 'Take my specific and live!' My life is naught in itself; my life lives in another. You and I are both brave from despair; you would turn death from yourself, I would turn death from one I love more than myself. Both know how little aid we can win from the colleges, and both, therefore, turn to the promisers most audaciously cheering: Dervish or magician, alchemist or phantom, what care you and I? And if they fail us, what then? They can not fail us more than the colleges do!"

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE gold has been gained with an easy labor. I knew where to seek for it, whether under the turf or in the bed of the creek. But Margrave's eyes, hungrily gazing round every spot from which the ore was disburied, could not detect the substance of which he alone knew the outward appearance. I had begun to believe that even in the description given to him of this material he had been credulously duped, and that no such material existed; when coming back from the bed of the water-course, I saw a faint yellow gleam amidst the roots of a giant parasite plant, the leaves and blossoms of which climbed up the sides of the cave with its antediluvian relics. The gleam was the gleam of gold, and on removing the loose earth round the roots of the plant we came on— No, I will not—I dare not describe it. The gold-digger would cast it aside, the naturalist would pause not to heed it, and did I describe it, and chemistry deign to subject it to analysis, could chemistry alone detach or discover its boasted virtues?

Its particles, indeed, are very minute, not seeming readily to crystallize with each other, each in itself of uniform shape and size, spherical as the egg which contains the germ of life, and small as the egg from which the life of an insect may quicken.

But Margrave's keen eye caught sight of the atoms upcast by the light of the moon. He exclaimed to me, "Found! I shall live!" And then, as he gathered up the grains with tremulous hands, he called out to the Veiled Woman, hitherto still seated motionless on the crag. At his word she rose and went to the place hard by, where the fuel was piled, busying herself there. I had no leisure to heed her. I continued my search in the soft and yielding soil that time and the decay of vegetable life had accumulated over the Pre-Adamite strata on which the arch of the cave rested its mighty keystones.

When we had collected of these particles about thrice as much as a man might hold in his hand, we seemed to have exhausted their bed. We continued still to find gold, but no more of the delicate substance to which, in our sight, gold was as dross.

"Enough," then said Margrave, reluctantly desisting. "What we have gained already will suffice for a life thrice as long as legend attributes to Haroun. I shall live—I shall live through the centuries."

"Forget not that I claim my share."

"Your share—yours! True—your half of my life!—it is true." He paused, with a low, ironical, malignant laugh, and then added, as he rose and turned away, "But the work is yet to be done."

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

WHILE we had thus labored and found, Ayesha had placed the fuel where the moonlight fell fullest on the sward of the table-land—a part of it already piled as for a fire, the rest of it heaped confusedly close at hand—and by the pile she had placed the coffer. And there she stood, her arms folded under her mantle, her dark image seeming darker still as the moonlight whitened all the ground from which it rose. Margrave opened his coffer, the Veiled Woman did not aid him, and I watched in silence, while he as silently made his weird and wizard-like preparations.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

ON the ground a wide circle was traced by a small rod, tipped apparently with sponge saturated with some combustible, naphtha-like fluid, so that a pale lambent flame followed the course of the rod as Margrave guided it, burning up the herbage over which it played, and leaving a distinct ring, like that which in our lovely native fable-talk we call the "Fairy's Ring," but yet more visible, because marked in phosphorescent light. On the ring thus formed were placed twelve small lamps, fed with the fluid from the same vessel and lighted by the same rod. The light emitted by the lamps was more vivid and brilliant than that which circled round the ring.

Within the circumference, and immediately round the wood-pile, Margrave traced certain geometrical figures in which, not without a shudder, that I overcame at once by a strong effort of will in murmuring to myself the name of "Lilian," I recognized the interlaced triangles which my own hand, in the spell enforced on a sleep-walker, had described on the floor of the wizard's pavilion. These figures were traced, like the circle, in flame, and at the point of each triangle (four in number) was placed a lamp, brilliant as those on the ring. This task performed, the caldron, based on an iron tripod, was placed on the wood-pile. And then the woman, before inactive and unheeding, slowly advanced, knelt by the pile, and lighted it. The dry wood crackled and the flame burst forth, licking the rims of the caldron with tongues of fire.

Margrave flung into the caldron the particles we had collected, poured over them first a liquid colorless as water, from the largest of the vessels drawn from his coffer, and then, more sparingly, drops from small crystal vials, like the vials I had seen in the hand of Philip Derval.

Having surmounted my first impulse of awe, I watched these proceedings, curious yet disdainful, as one who watches the mummeries of an enchanter on the stage.

"If," thought I, "these are but artful devices to inebriate and fool my own imagination, my imagination is on its guard, and reason shall not, this time, sleep at her post."

"And now," said Margrave, "I consign to you the easy task by which you are to merit your share of the elixir. It is my task to feed and replenish the caldron; it is Ayesha's to heed the fire, which must not for a moment relax in its measured and steady heat. Your task is the lightest of all; it is but to renew from this vessel the fluid that burns in the lamps and on the ring. Observe, the contents of the vessel must be thriftily husbanded; there is enough, but not more than enough, to sustain the light in the lamps, on the lines traced round the caldron and on the farther ring, for six hours. The compounds dissolved in this fluid are scarce—only obtainable in the East, and even in the East months might have passed before I could have increased my supply. I had no months to waste. Replenish then the light only when it begins to flicker or fade. Take heed, above all, that no part of the outer ring—no, not an inch—and no lamp of the twelve, that are to its zodiac like stars, fade for one moment in darkness."

I took the crystal vessel from his hand.

"The vessel is small," said I, "and what is yet left of its contents is but scanty; whether they suffice to replenish the lights I can not guess. I can but obey your instructions. But more important by far than the light to the lamps and the circle, which in Asia or Africa might scare away the wild beasts unknown to this land—more important than light to a lamp is the strength to your frame, weak magician! What will support you through six weary hours of night-watch?"

"Hope!" answered Margrave, with a ray of his old dazzling smile. "Hope! I shall live—I shall live through the centuries!"

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

ONE hour passed away; the fagots under the caldron burned clear in the sullen sultry air. The materials within began to seethe, and their color, at first dull and turbid, changed into a pale rose hue; from time to time the Veiled Woman replenished the fire, after she had done so reseating herself close by the pyre, with her head bowed over her knees and her face hid under her veil.

The lights in the lamps and along the ring and the triangles now began to pale. I replenished their nutriment anew. As yet nothing strange startled my eye or my ear beyond the rim of the circle. Nothing audible save, at a distance, the musical, wheel-like click of the locusts, and, farther still in the forest, the howl of the wild dogs that never bark. Nothing visible but the trees and the mountain range girding the plains silvered by the moon, and the arch of the cavern, the flush of wild blooms on its sides, and the gleam of dry bones on its floor where the moonlight shot into the gloom.

The second hour passed like the first. I had taken my stand by the side of Margrave, watching with him the process at work in the caldron, when I felt the ground slightly vibrate beneath my feet, and, looking up, it seemed as if all the plains beyond the circle were heaving like the swell of the sea, and as if in the air itself there was a perceptible tremor.

I placed my hand on Margrave's shoulder and whispered, "To me earth and air seem to vibrate. Do they seem to vibrate to you?"

"I know not, I care not," he answered, impetuously. "The essence is bursting the shell that confined it. Here are my air and my earth! Trouble me not. Look to the circle—feed the lamps if they fail."

I passed by the Veiled Woman as I walked toward a place in the ring in which the flame was waning dim. And I whispered to her the same question which I had whispered to Margrave. She looked slowly around, and answered, "So is it before the Invisible make themselves visible! Did I not bid him forbear?" Her head

again drooped on her breast, and her watch was again fixed on the fire.

I advanced to the circle, and stooped to replenish the light where it waned. As I did so, on my arm, which stretched somewhat beyond the line of the ring, I felt a shock like that of electricity. The arm fell to my side numbed and nerveless, and from my hand dropped, but within the ring, the vessel that contained the fluid. Recovering my surprise or my stun, hastily with the other hand I caught up the vessel, but some of the scanty liquid was already spilled on the sward; and I saw with a thrill of dismay that contrasted, indeed, the tranquil indifference with which I had first undertaken my charge, how small a supply was now left.

I went back to Margrave and told him of the shock, and of its consequence in the waste of the liquid.

"Beware," said he, "that not a motion of the arm, not an inch of the foot, passes the verge of the ring; and if the fluid be thus unhappily stinted, reserve all that is left for the protecting circle and the twelve outer lamps. See how the Grand Work advances! how the hues in the caldron are glowing blood-red through the film on the surface!"

And now four hours of the six were gone; my arm had gradually recovered its strength. Neither the ring nor the lamps had again required replenishing; perhaps their light was exhausted less quickly, as it was no longer to be exposed to the rays of the intense Australian moon. Clouds had gathered over the sky, and though the moon gleamed at times in the gaps that they left in blue air, her beam was more hazy and dulled. The locusts no longer were heard in the grass, nor the howl of the dogs in the forest. Out of the circle the stillness was profound.

And about this time I saw distinctly in the distance a vast Eye! It drew nearer and nearer, seeming to move from the ground at the height of some lofty giant. Its gaze riveted mine; my blood curdled in the blaze from its angry ball; and now as it advanced, larger and larger, other Eyes, as if of giants in its train, grew out from the space in its rear: numbers on numbers, like the spear-heads of some Eastern army, seen afar by pale warders of battlements doomed to the dust. My voice long refused an utterance to my awe; at length it burst forth, shrill and loud:

"Look—look! Those terrible Eyes! Legions on legions. And hark! that tramp of numberless feet; *they* are not seen, but the hollows of earth echo the sound of their march!"

Margrave, more than ever intent on the caldron, in which, from time to time, he kept dropping powders or essences drawn forth from his coffer, looked up, defyingly, fiercely:

"Ye come," he said, in low mutter, his once mighty voice sounding hollow and laboring, but fearless and firm—"ye come, not to conquer, vain rebels!—ye, whose dark chief I struck down at my feet in the tomb where my spell had raised up the ghost of your first human master, the Chaldee! Earth and air have their armies still faithful to me, and still I remember the war-song that summons them up to confront you! Ayesha—Ayesha! recall the wild troth that we pledged among roses; recall the dread bond by which we united our sway over hosts that yet own thee as queen, though my sceptre is broken, my diadem reft from my brows!"

The Veiled Woman rose at this adjuration. Her veil now was withdrawn, and the blaze of the fire between Margrave and herself flushed, as with the rosy bloom of youth, the grand beauty of her softened face. It was seen, detached, as it were, from her dark-mantled form; seen through the mist of the vapors which rose from the caldron, framing it round like the clouds that are yieldingly pierced by the light of the evening star.

Through the haze of the vapor came her voice, more musical, more plaintive than I had heard it before, but far softer, more tender; still in her foreign tongue; the words unknown to me, and yet their sense, perhaps, made intelligible by the love, which has one common language and one common look to all who have loved—the love unmistakably heard in the loving tone, unmistakably seen in the loving face.

A moment or so more, and she had come round from the opposite side of the fire pile, and, bending over Margrave's upturned brow, kissed it quietly, solemnly; and then her countenance grew fierce, her crest rose erect: it was the lioness protecting her young. She stretched forth her arm from the black mantle, athwart the pale front that now again bent over the caldron; stretched it toward the haunted and hollow-sounding space beyond, in the gesture of one whose right hand has the sway of the sceptre! And then her voice stole on the air in the music of a chant not loud, yet far-reaching; so thrilling, so sweet, and yet so solemn, that I could at once comprehend how legend united of old the spell of enchantment with the power of song. All that I recalled of the effects which in the former time Margrave's strange chants had produced on the ear that they ravished and the thoughts they confused was but as the wild bird's imitative carol, compared to the depth, and the art, and the soul of the singer, whose voice seemed endowed with a charm to enthrall all the tribes of creation, though the language it used for that charm might to them, as to me, be unknown. As the song ceased I heard from behind sounds like those I had heard in the spaces before me: the tramp of invisible feet, the whirr of invisible wings, as if armies were marching to aid against armies in march to destroy.

"Look not in front nor around," said Ayesha. "Look, like him, on the caldron below. The circle and the lamps are yet bright; I will tell thee when their light again fails."

I dropped my eyes on the caldron.

"See," whispered Margrave, "the sparkles at last begin to arise, and the rose-hues to deepen; signs that we near the last process."

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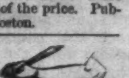

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